

ROOSEVELT GOING SOCIALIST? By JAY FRANKLIN

MARCH 10,
1934

Liberty 5¢



**MURDER
IN THE
ANTARCTIC
EXPEDITION**
By FERRIN FRASER

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SHALL WE "SCRAP" THE CONSTITUTION?



FOR nearly a century and a half we have progressed with amazing strides under the banner of the American Constitution. During this prolonged period—previous to the depression—our Fourth-of-July orations glorified our governmental system. We were God's chosen people.

Under this system of government we grew from a few thousand people to a nation of such size that we were everywhere classed, until the past two or three years, as the world's greatest power.

When we look back at our diminutive beginning our extraordinary development seems like a miracle, and our original legal system must have been superior to have fostered such marvelous advancement. But when our balloonlike prosperity collapsed in 1929, when depression took the jobs of millions of workers, we were all nonplused.

What's the trouble? was the universal query. What's the cause of this appalling calamity?

The workers blamed the capitalists. The capitalists blamed the workers. The government said business was at fault. And business maintained that the government, because of its interference, must assume the responsibility.

But out of this hectic debate has been evolved an impression by many people that our Constitution is out of date, that it should be scrapped.

And many people are inclined to believe that we have made a good beginning with this idea in mind.

But every well balanced citizen hopes that all deviations from constitutional government will be only temporary in nature. The principles of government that guided this government through the stress and strain of our phenomenal growth are fundamental—as sound as the Rock of Gibraltar.

It has been the diversion from these principles that started us on the road to ruin.

The prohibition law is only one of thousands that radically departed from the principles of free government guaranteed by our Constitution. Many of these laws have been made with the idea of thwarting justice. They have been put on our statute books in some cases for the definite purpose of robbing the people. And all these hybrid enactments should be annulled.

What we need today more than anything else is a proper recognition of the constitutional rights of our people. Even police powers in some instances outrage these rights as guaranteed to citizens.

But all we hear about is more laws. That is apparently the only remedy our legislators can offer. Yet if the fundamental laws of the land were enforced and unconstitutional laws annulled, our needs could be served most effectively.

The old-time rugged honesty of the American pioneers is notably absent. The spirit of fair play, live and let live, equal opportunities, the elimination of favoritism—all these and many other factors are essential to start us again on the upward trend.

Capitalism has been too selfish, and it should be curbed, restrained.

But there are all kinds of capitalists—good, bad, and indifferent. The good should be encouraged, promoted, and financial racketeering in all its branches should be stamped out root and branch.

There is nothing wrong with our Constitution. The defects we have encountered are due to our deviations from the edicts of this great document. It is truly a guide that could have taken us out of the financial morass if we had been directed by the principles of justice and equality it so firmly advocates.

This plan of government created by our pioneers is just as valuable and important today as it was when first enacted.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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Is ROOSEVELT Going Socialist?



CARTOONS BY
JOHN CASSEL

There has been a rising chorus of criticism directed against the "socialism" of the New Deal.

(Reading time 12 min. 55 sec.)

NINETEEN hundred and thirty-four will see the crisis in the New Deal. The session of Congress this winter and spring will decide whether the Roosevelt policies will be continued, and the Congressional elections this fall will determine whether those policies will be approved by the American people. For the first time since the election of 1932 there are the beginnings of open organized opposition.

For several months there has been a rising chorus of criticism directed against Roosevelt's "radicalism" and against the "socialism" of the New Deal. The theory has been widely spread that a small group of secret revolutionaries in the government have conspired to commit the President to policies which will lead him, without his knowledge and against his will, toward the creation of a socialistic commonwealth.

Part of this propaganda is simply good old-fashioned Republican politics. The President is so popular with the bulk of the country that there is as yet no percentage in personal attacks upon him. But the country itself has a healthy dislike of "socialism," fascism, communism, Hitlerism, and any other imported foreign political doctrine. Success in pinning the "socialist" price mark on the New Deal will lead to bargain-basement victories for the Republican candidates in the fall elections.

Part of this excitement about "socialism" is due to

Some Say the New Deal Is Destroying Democracy— Let's Have a Look at the Facts

small banking and business groups whose rackets have been interfered with or abolished by the New Deal. What is left, however, is a very serious wave of anxiety lest Roosevelt's efforts to achieve

recovery and reform should end by destroying our traditional profit system in business and our political democracy, and should substitute a sort of social ant hill or beehive.

"Is Roosevelt going socialist?" is, therefore, something more than the yell of partisan vote snatcher or the squeal of a stuck pig. It is a warning of the American instinct to solve our own problems in our own way. These are the same problems which produced communism in Russia, fascism in Italy, Hitlerism in Germany, the dictatorship of the army in Japan, and state socialism in France and England. There is natural alarm lest the United States should be hurried into adopting a method which is not its own.

Before we can answer the question of whether Roosevelt is going socialist, it is necessary to understand exactly what is meant by socialism. Socialism is a political program based on the writings of Karl Marx. It assumes the existence of a permanent "working class" or "proletariat" and a permanent class of "employers" or "capitalists." It further assumes an irrepressible struggle between these classes, ending in the political dictatorship or dominance of the workers, the abolition

By J A Y F R A N K L I N

of private property in productive enterprise, and the supremacy of the state. It is a pretty good political theory for Europe, which worked it out, but it has nothing to do with conditions in America.

We have no permanent class system based on legal or economic privilege. We have no class struggle. Instead we have a constant migration between our "classes" on the basis of individual initiative and ability. The brakeman can and does become president of the railroad. The millionaire's son can and does fetch up in the bread lines. Instead of public ownership we have developed a system of political regulation of some forms of private property, on the old Anglo-Saxon principle of the "public utility," which decrees that those business enterprises which are involved in the transportation and exchange of necessary goods and services are vested with a "public interest," and that the grant or development of a monopoly calls for strict governmental control *because* human nature in private ownership is such as to make it necessary to protect the public.

Finally, our political theory holds no place for the dictatorship of a party or a class or for the creation of an all-powerful state. Instead, we follow the principle of majority rule, while the state, with us, is merely a convenience, something we have created and can use rather than something for which we exist.

We lack the tradition of royal absolutism, of central religious authority, or of universal military service which has prepared the way for socialism in Europe. Roosevelt is not going socialist in the political sense. We wouldn't let him.

Is he going socialistic?

The only answer to that question is to look at the facts. Every human society is, by definition, socialistic, and human freedom has come, historically, only by broadening the base of our social bondage.

The tyranny of the early family was pure socialism of a primitive type. It bound the family group together as a single social unit.

The tyranny of the tribe supplies us with our best examples of pure communism. Property is owned in common and every member of the tribe is the slave of the tribe. A system of taboos and fear and authority holds the tribe together in a discipline which makes Soviet Russia look like a paradise of individual freedom.

As socialism spread to the nation we found greater freedom for the average man and woman in permitting the community to take care of certain jobs. Common schools were established instead of each household educating its own children or hiring a tutor. Homes for the aged, hospitals, poorhouses, and insane asylums supplemented the old family duties. Roads and post offices, bridges, markets and sewer systems, electricity, railroads, ferries, banks, and innumerable other institutions were found to depend so exclusively on society for their working that they became socialized, either by public ownership supported by taxes or by public regulation maintained by law.

AND as our life has become more specialized and more complex, more and more activities have been added to the list of "public utilities." For this is the way in which freedom has increased. A hundred years ago a man could not drive any considerable distance with a horse and carriage without having to pay innumerable tolls on the bridges and turnpikes. Today he can motor from Boston to Los Angeles free of charge on the public highways. Which man is the freer?

Roosevelt's New Deal simply represents a necessary and long overdue extension of the "public utility" conception of the duties of society. This extension has been rendered desirable after the abuses, and inevitable after the breakdown, of the Old Deal. It was the only possible way of restoring our people's confidence in the institutions which had become necessary to their existence.

Take banking and finance. Under our system we can't

get on without banks and credits. Under the Old Deal one third of our banks folded up in the ten years which followed 1920. Under the Old Deal the Chase National Bank could grant its retiring and enormously wealthy president a life pension of \$100,000 a year when it was not paying any dividends to its stockholders. Under the Old Deal Sam Insull and Ivar Kreuger could ruin hundreds of thousands of swindled investors and be rated as great men by press and pulpit. A New York investment firm could pay \$450,000 to the son of the President of Peru in connection with a loan to the government of Peru which has since been defaulted with total loss to the American investors. Our private bankers could take millions in commissions without one cent of liability and our Stock Exchange could wipe out billions of savings of millions of Americans.

The result was that the American people lost faith in the banks and bankers and that they drew out their funds so that every bank in the country *had* to close. Roosevelt was *compelled* to devise a new banking and financial system which would reassure our people that the same abuses would not be permitted again. This was only simple common sense. It was at no time a question of sitting down and thinking out a nice new shiny reform of the banks. It was a question of whether we would have any banks at all.

TAKE the business system. For generations Big Business had run the United States. Our most intelligent and energetic men went into business and we were taught to admire our captains of industry and to study the principles by which they had achieved success. When the depression came we turned to them for leadership back to recovery. Did they supply it? Ask Hoover! He asked them to.

Instead, the number of our unemployed reached the staggering total of 13,500,000 in March, 1933, and Big Business had no solution but to pass around the hat, cut wages, employ child labor, and in a few cases spread the work or keep regular employees on part time. This was altogether aside from the monopoly controls, the tariff privileges, and the financial inside tracks which enable our Big Business men to maintain high prices, profits, and dividends in the face of vast human misery.

Again, it was not a case of sitting down and working out an industrial Utopia. *Something* had to be done at once and Roosevelt had to do it. The result was the CCC camps, the NRA, the Public Works Administration, federal relief, and the Civil Works Administration. I don't think it has ever been considered profitable business—let alone good politics—to let your customers starve or let the misery of your citizens goad them into violent revolution. This in turn was only simple common sense.

So with the farmers. Nearly half our people are engaged in the vital task of raising food and agricultural materials. They have made North America the granary, the larder, and clothes cupboard of a large part of the world. If our crops should fail for a single year we would face starvation and the world would be thrown into economic confusion. Yet our system of money, taxes, and industrial distribution has been steadily driving our farmers into bankruptcy since the war.

Foreclosures, evictions, tax sales, and starvation have occurred in our farming regions until the farmers were actually in a state of active revolt against the legal authorities. There was no time to sit down and work out some ideal system of agriculture. Something had to be done about it at once, if we were to survive as a civilized nation. Roosevelt has tried to help the farm by an admittedly complicated system of crop reduction financed by processing taxes and by a depreciation of our money which gives our farmers a better price in American cash for the crops which they sell to other countries. If the Old Deal system required that the American farmer should be "liquidated," the Old Deal had to be pushed aside. That again was elementary common sense.



TO
RECOVERY

Roosevelt's New Deal extension of the "public utility" conception has been rendered inevitable after the breakdown of the Old Deal.



Take, finally, the matter of money itself, the thing which worries the Tories the most. They act as though the gold standard were something ordained by God which had always worked perfectly. Actually the gold standard is very young.

It was adopted in England in 1816, by France and Germany after the Franco-Prussian War, and by the United States in 1873. And Holland and Switzerland are the only two nations which have not either abandoned gold or inflated their money since the war.

Any money system which suddenly destroys savings, jobs, industries, and whole civilizations needs to be reformed. Whether the way out lies in the "commodity dollar" of Roosevelt or in the government control of the issuance of credit, the one thing that is certain is that the old system of control by a handful of private bankers in Europe and America did not work. *It did not work.* Moreover, any system that makes debt heavier the more it is reduced is morally wrong. Any system which makes money plentiful when it isn't needed and hoards or destroys it when it is needed is a damned bad system. It is only common sense to change it.

THE final test of Roosevelt's "socialism" is whether he is destroying the profit system. He is interfering with it in that he is outlawing certain types of profit. He has forbidden you to wring a profit out of child labor, phony securities, unfair competition, dangerous patent medicines and cosmetics, bootlegging, or banking skull-duggery. That is different from abolishing the profit system, and, at every point in the New Deal, Roosevelt has been careful to preserve the profit motive as the mainspring of our business life.

He did not ask the farmers to reduce their crops out of any general expectation of higher prices. He offered to pay them rent for that part of each farmer's land which

was taken out of production, and he now proposes that the government should buy from them their worst lands in order permanently to remove from inefficient production our 40,000,000 acres of bad agricultural lands.

He did not ask business, labor, or the consumer to accept the NRA out of big-hearted patriotism. He offered to business the economics and some of the profits of monopoly by setting aside the antitrust laws. He offered labor minimum wages and maximum hours and the legal right to organize for better wages and shorter hours.

He offered protection to the consumer against profiteering, through publicity on price-jumping and gouging practices.

He did not even ask the bankers to surrender their power freely.

He found them ruined and offered to bail them out with government funds if they would agree to run their business along the lines which would reestablish public confidence in the banks.

And he did not propose to cancel mortgages or to defraud the creditors. Instead, he offered to needy creditors on mortgage transactions government bonds secured by the properties involved, while on the money end he set as his goal no general inflation but simply a method which would restore prices to where they were when the debts were contracted. At a time when debtors were desperate and private investors were asking 20-per-cent-a-year interest

on real estate, he proposed nothing which was not fair to both sides of the debt.

In fact, one of the amusing things about the New Deal is that while the conservatives and Republicans are looking at the professorial "brain trust" and yelling "socialist" at Roosevelt, the real socialists and communists are calling Roosevelt a "fascist reactionary." The truth is that, without knowing it, this country has been so damned conservative and has got so used to being run by the Morgans, Rockefellers, and Mellons that the only direction in which the pendulum could have swung was to the left. It still has a long long way to go before we begin to be as socialistic as the Tory government of England—which is the stronghold of the world's business conservatism.

No, Roosevelt is no more going socialist than he is becoming a nihilist or a Chinese bandit. He is simply helping the American people to handle their social duties through their government. These social duties have never been and never can be evaded. They existed when the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock. They have been performed through the family, the township, the city, the county, the state, and the nation.

A generation of control by our Insulls, Kreugers, Wiggins, Mitchells, and Capones has simply made it necessary for the federal government under Roosevelt to take a bigger share of the job.

In a nation which produces plenty of everything there is no excuse for continuing business practices which have resulted in misery, despair, and starvation for huge masses of our people in wide areas of our country. Some people call it "socialism" to change these practices. Roosevelt calls it "neighborliness." Roosevelt's way is the American way and is the only alternative to chaos or revolutionary socialism.

THE END

Murder

in the Antarctic Expedition



L (Reading time:
19 minutes 20 seconds.)

LADIES and gentlemen! We bring you tonight the eighteenth broadcast from Little Antarctica, under the sponsorship of Campana Cuban Cigars, and through the short-wave facilities of the Consolidated Broadcasting System. Here we are, two thousand miles from the nearest point of civilization, with the Richardson-Crowley Expedition to the South Pole! Our antenna is covered with ice, in a temperature of forty degrees below zero! Our microphone is set up in Dr. Richardson's office. We say 'office,' but it is in reality a board shack, banked on all sides with ten feet of solid snow—to keep out the cold! Laugh that off, you folks with your feet in the oven of the kitchen stove or sipping a cocktail at the new Ritz-Plaza bar! We boys down here have heard by means of return broadcasts that prohibition has been repealed—and do we envy you! Especially when we remember we'll be here on Scott Sea Glacier for the next year!

"Those return broadcasts couldn't have been so good. They haven't heard we don't have bars—that a man has to drink sitting at a table."

"That's so you won't faint at a taste of real liquor. Oscar!"

"Yes, Mr. Devine?"

"Two more of the same. And turn that radio up

By

F E R R I N
F R A S E R

a bit—we're listening."

"Yes, sir. Wonderful thing, radio." . . .

"In just a moment Dr. Frank Richardson, greatest explorer of modern times, is going to speak to you from Little Antarctica and tell you of tomorrow's planned flight over the

Pole. For three months the expedition has bent every effort to this culminating triumph of Dr. Richardson's. The weather, for the first time since we landed, is favorable. For the first time in history you will hear a human voice speaking from directly over the Pole!

"As we told you last week, we are camped at the foot of the great ice barrier that stretches unbroken across Antarctica. Our only means of communication with the outside world—made possible by the Campana Cuban Cigar Company—is the invisible hand of radio. While we are waiting for Dr. Richardson, the Richardson-Crowley Antarctic Quartet, composed of sailors from the Campana, the ship furnished Dr. Richardson by the Campana Cuban Cigar Company, will sing."

"Your drinks, Mr. Devine."

"Thanks, Oscar. Put them on Spar's bill."

"Don't be so generous with my bill!"

"It's your habit. Remember when Richardson waved a pictorial good-bye to New York and went down the bay?"

"It's been the curse of my reportorial life. I caught

*A Strangely Stirring Story of These Modern, Magic Times—of a
"Perfect Crime" that Solved Itself Nine Thousand Miles Away!*



"I CAME FOR A STATEMENT. YOU KNOW—'DIED IN THE INTERESTS OF SCIENCE.'"

a cold on the Macom in that sea wind that lasted two months."

"Cheer up. If you'd gone along it would have lasted two years. Did you like Richardson?"

"I only met him that once."

"Wasn't it enough?"

"Plenty. That Hawvard talk and that Great-I-Am of his makes any A-1 prize-fight manager sound modest. Crowley seemed like a good egg, though."

"Crowley is. He's the real brains of the outfit. And Richardson's never given him a break. Hogs all the publicity, steps to the front in all the pictures, makes all the speeches. Without Crowley and young Watson, Richardson wouldn't have a chance of reaching the Pole."

"Who's Watson?"

"Young scientist—ace-high and smart. It's Watson who's going to pilot the plane and Crowley who's going to record the data."

"What's Richardson going to do?"

"He's going to make the speeches afterward—and grab the credit. He and Crowley were kids together. Same town, same schools. Richardson is big and good-looking, and has the gift of gab, so he gets all the breaks. He proved to me he was a sap by leaving his wife behind on this trip. If I had a wife as pretty as Polly Richardson, and as young, I wouldn't leave her even to go to the office—I'd do home work! Listen." . . .

"Ladies and gentlemen: Dr. Richardson hasn't come in yet to tell you about his impending flight over the Pole, so I am going to tell you about our camp here on Scott Sea Glacier. It consists of two main parts—the office, where our microphone is, and where Dr. Richardson plans every detail of the expedition—and the kitchen and living quarters of the men. These wooden buildings are two hundred feet apart and connected by a tunnel—a tunnel made by piling all our stores in two rows, stretching a canvas over the top, and letting the ice and snow cover it! This tunnel is now at least five feet thick and warm as a room as you walk through it."

"That sound you hear, ladies and gentlemen, is not static. For some reason our dogs have begun to bark and howl. I have just sent a man out to quiet them. . . You know, we have forty Alaskan huskies with us to pull sleds of supplies across the ice. We— What? . . . *What!* . . . You say he's *dead!* . . . Pardon a moment, ladies and gentlemen. Something has happened that— I'll be back with you in one minute."

"Say! Did you get that, Larry?"

"What?"

"That flowerlike announcer's signed off. Said something had happened—something about 'he's dead'!"

"Who's dead?"

"How do I know? Wait a minute! He's back again. Listen to those dogs howl!" . . .

"Ladies and gentlemen! I have a grave announcement to make. Dr. Frank Richardson, leader of the Richardson-Crowley Expedition, has just been found—dead! Dr. Reynolds, the physician with us, has just reported to me that in his opinion Dr. Richardson was murdered! The body was found in the tunnel I was just describing, between the men's quarters and the office. Obviously it is impossible to continue this broadcast at this time. So we are signing off from Little Antarctica for the present."

"Did you get that, Spar? Richardson—murdered!"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY DEAN
DECORATIONS BY CARL PFEUFER





"Dr. Richardson's body was found on the floor of the tunnel by a mechanic."

"I got it. Hey—where are you going?"

"Telephone, you mug! There's no A. P. on this—it's radio! And there's no radio at the Clarion office—Ryan can't stand crooners! . . . City Hall 4-1212. . . . Hello! City desk! . . . Ryan? Larry Devine. A report just came over the radio—Campana Cuban Cigar hour from Little Antarctica—that Frank Richardson's murdered! . . . No details—just that. . . . Spar? He's with me now. . . . We're as good as there!"

"What did he say?"

"He thought it was a publicity stunt for Cuban Cigars! He wants you to get on over to the Consolidated's short-wave receiving station—in case they pick up anything more. It's outside Jersey City. I'll join you there later."

"Where are you going now?"

"To get a statement from Polly Richardson. If I'm lucky I can break

the news to her and catch her on the rebound. See you in an hour!"

"GOOD evening, Mrs. Richardson."

"I don't believe I know you—"

"I met you six months ago—on the Macom."

"Oh. You're a reporter?"

"That's it."

"Why didn't you use the house phone?"

"Didn't want to bother you twice. Thought I'd just rap at your door. You see, I've got a message from your husband."

"A message—from Frank?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you'd better come in."

"Listen to the radio much, Mrs. Richardson?"

"Yes. When Frank's away it's rather lonely."

"But I see you didn't hear the broadcast tonight from the Antarctic?"

"No. I—I was out. I just came home."

"I see. Perhaps it's just as well you didn't hear tonight's show."

"Just as well? What do you mean?"

"You'd have been shocked. And being alone—well—"

"See here, Mr. Devine. You said you had a message from Frank. What is it?"

"It's not exactly from him. It's about him."

"What about him?"

"He's dead."

"Dead?"

"Murdered."

"Oh my God!"

"Steady—steady. I'll get you some water. Where's the bathroom? Never mind—I'll find it. . . . There you are."

"Tell me—was this on the radio?"

"Yes."

"Did they say—who murdered him?"

"No. They just announced that he's been found—killed."

"Oh!"





"I came for a statement, Mrs. Richardson. You—"

"I have no statement to make."

"Nothing at all?"

"You can say that I am grief-stricken by the news of Dr. Richardson's death."

"Yeah. I can see you are. Thanks. If you don't want to be bothered by about two dozen reporters, better lock your door and unhook the telephone. So long."

"The Blotz Carpet Tack Company presents Harold Hemingway, News Commentator, and his Highlights of the Headlines!"

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen! The news today of Dr. Frank Richardson's death has shocked the world of science and affairs. Nothing more than the mere fact that he was murdered has come from Little Antarctica on the Consolidated Broadcasting System's short-wave facilities. For the last ten years Dr. Richardson has been one of America's leading explorers. With his boyhood friend and fellow scientist, John Crowley, Dr. Richardson has charted unknown lands and seas. The present Richardson-Crowley Expedition to the South Pole was to have . . ."

"Hey, Tony! Sell your customers to music or something out of that can while I make a phone call, will you?"

"Sure, Mr. Devine. But ain't this Richardson murder something, though?"

"Yeah. But crooners go better on a phone receiver than news commentators. . . ."

"Hello! Ryan? . . . I saw Polly Richardson. . . . Got there first. She says to tell the world she's grief-stricken by the news of the doc's death. . . . That's all—yes. . . . But listen. I'm sending you something I swiped from her dressing table when I went to her bathroom. . . . It's a picture. . . . A man that's on the expedition. And Ryan, take a peek at the inscription on it! If it's not front-page stuff I'm a monkey! . . . So's your old man! . . . I'm going over to Jersey now and see if Spar's heard anything on the short wave. . . . See you at the morgue!"

"We interrupt this program of religious music by the Fleet Street Choir to bring you today's cricket scores for Great Britain. The Northumberland Fusiliers humbled the Roxbury Oxforbs by three hundred and thirty-two runs . . ."

"Hey, Spar! What is this—a new Baron Munchausen?"

"Hello, Larry. They're fooling around with all the short waves—trying to pick something up. This is jolly old London. They just had New South Wales and Calcutta."

"Have they had anything at all from Antarctica?"

"Not a word. The operator's been trying to talk to them for the last hour. Here comes something!"

"Station K2X3, Little Antarctica, calling W2XF, New York. We want at this time to give you as many facts as are available in the death of Dr. Frank Richardson. I shall turn the microphone over to Dr. Reynolds, the Richardson-Crowley Expedition physician, who has completed a careful examination of the body. Dr. Reynolds!"

"Dr. Frank Richardson was undoubtedly killed by a bullet fired at close range. The shot struck him in the back and penetrated the spinal column between the eighth and ninth vertebrae. Death was practically instantaneous. It is my opinion that the wound could not have been self-inflicted."

"John Crowley, second in command of the Richardson-Crowley Expedition, will now give you the details of Dr. Richardson's death as they are known to us here in Little Antarctica. John Crowley!"

"My friend Frank Richardson's death has been a great shock to us here on the southern ice. He and I have been companions since boyhood, fellow students and soldiers together, and we have joined forces in innumerable scientific enterprises. There is no law here, no police, but you may rest assured we are doing everything in our power to discover his murderer."

"Dr. Richardson's body was found lying on the floor of the tunnel made by our two rows of supplies. He was on his way to the office to speak over the radio when death overtook him. The body was discovered by Howard Ross, a plane mechanic, who gave the alarm. It was first thought the murderer must have entered the tunnel from either the office or the living quarters, and as Ross was the only man besides Dr. Richardson seen to enter, we suspected him for a time. However, an examination disclosed that Ross did not have a gun, nor was there one hidden anywhere in the passageway."

"In searching the tunnel for a gun I myself discovered that access was possible from the outside. On the right side of the tunnel, going north, a large case of canned goods was so fixed that it would slide back. The ice and snow outside had been chipped away so that by moving the case a shot could be fired inside the tunnel. Ralph Watson, who had charge of the building of the passageway, denies that this case was thus movable when the tunnel was constructed."

"We have questioned every man on the expedition and have found no one who heard or saw the shot fired."

"The Richardson-Crowley Expedition will go on with its work. Dr. Richardson would have been the last person to wish us to turn back, and I shall follow in the way he would have led until we reach our goal. As it may be months before a flight is again possible, I shall take off tomorrow for the Pole exactly as Dr. Richardson planned."

"WELL, what do you think, Larry?"

"I think it's the swellest piece of news that ever broke! The murderer waiting outside there, the case of whisky pushed aside—"

"Who said it was whisky?"

"That's the only 'canned goods' I know about. Then the doc walks through the passage on his way to blow off into the mike, and the murderer lets him have it. Too bad that guy can't sneak into a lot of radio studios up here! I know a lot of crooners that he might take a shot at!"

"It strikes me that moving box is the answer—"

"It does, does it? Well, how do you like this? Crowley said it was Watson who built that tunnel, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, tonight in Mrs. Richardson's apartment, in her bedroom—and don't ask me what I was doing there—I found a picture of Watson—silver frame and everything—on her dressing table! Written on it was: 'With all the love in the world—Ralph.' Try that on your old microphone! I swiped it, and by this time Ryan's got it set on the front page or I'm a crooner! And the pay-off is, when I told her her husband had been murdered, she didn't throw a fit. Let's get on over to the Clarion and look up the files on Watson."

"Watson—Ralph W., 30. Waynesboro, Illinois. Columbia, B. S., M. S., 1926. Pilot plane for Richardson Greenland Expedition 1928—"

"Ha! Spar, do you get that?"

"What?"

"Waynesboro, Illinois. I happen to remember that Polly Richardson is from Waynesboro. Get it? Old boy-and-girl love affair culminates in murder of the husband! Let's see what we can get on the other names that have been spouted on Mr. Marconi's grandchild."

"Ross—Howard, 38. Second-class seaman U. S. S. Wyoming 1917-19. Dishonorably discharged May 3, 1919. Lived

in Detroit five years. Mechanic at Ford-Curtiss factory. Involved in rumrunning from Windsor. Tried and acquitted for shooting of coast guard officer. Did parachute jumping at county fairs until right leg injured and amputated at knee. Walks with scarcely noticeable limp of cork leg. [Ross found Dr. Richardson's body in tunnel.]

"Crowley—John C., 42. Zanesville, Ohio. [Same town as Richardson.] Second honor Zanesville High School, 1909. Harvard, B. S., M. S., Ph. D., 1916. Second honor. Vice president class 1913. Lieutenant 134th Regiment, 1917-19. Vice president American Explorers Club. Assistant to Dr. Frank Richardson in Moon Mountains Exploration, Africa. Second in command Richardson Greenland Expedition. Second in command Richardson-Crowley Antarctic Expedition.

"Reynolds—Warren, 48. Michigan, M. D., 1909. Practiced medicine California, 1911-17. Tried for malpractice New Jersey, 1919, and license revoked. Established pharmacy business Albany, 1921. Bankrupted, 1923. Joined Richardson Greenland Expedition and acted as physician after disappearance of Dr. Amos Farley on glacier. For his work there was taken on present Richardson-Crowley Expedition to Antarctic."

"THIS man Ross seems something of a dare-devil—sailor, rumrunner, parachute jumper—"

"And one-legged. Get that, Spar. It's just possible Richardson was shot from inside that tunnel instead of outside. Ross was the man who found the doc's body, but they didn't find a gun on Ross or in the tunnel. Can you think of a better place to hide a gun than in a hollow cork leg?"

"Say! You've hit something! And with that guy's record—"

"Maybe I've hit a foul ball. How about Reynolds's record? It's not only unsavory—it downright smells. I don't like that 'disappearance on glacier' line."

"Anyhow, you can't find fault with Crowley's."

"I can't—but maybe he could."

"I don't get that. And despite these records, Larry, there's no motive. Just because a man hasn't been lily-white—"

"Motive! There's motive written all over that paper. One of the oldest in this pretty little world of ours."

"Love, eh? So it was Watson, after all!"

"Think so? Come here a minute. See these filing boxes? We'll just take one out of the row. Leaves a hole about the size of a case of 'canned goods,' doesn't it?"

"Now you stand here while I walk down between the next row of files—on the right side while I go north. And when I pass, pretend that you take a shot at me through the hole—only remember I've got to be past so you can hit me in the back. Ready?"

"Go to it. And I almost wish that I had a gun! Hey, wait a minute! Larry! It won't work! I can't do it from here."

"I know you can't—because you're standing on the right side, where the murderer stood when he shot Richardson."

"I can't get an aim at you—not at your back—through a hole this size. I pretended I had a gun in my hand—"

"Sure—in *your* hand. You're right-handed. Try the left."

"Say—it works!"

"I know it does. The man who shot Richardson was left-handed."

"How did you ever come to dope that out?"

"When I was a kid in school I used to have a knack of throwing paper wads at every one who walked up the aisle. The teacher caught me at it and changed my seat to the right side of the room, the last aisle. And being right-handed, I couldn't get a decent aim from there."

"What's the next move?"

"Find out which of these men is left-handed."

"Oh, yeah? With them at the South Pole!"

"That's one of the little details I've

got to think out. How about going over to Oscar's and indulging your habit?"

"Ladies and gentlemen! We are now at an altitude of ten thousand feet and gradually rising. Below us, jagged and unbroken, stretches an endless expanse of ice. The roar you hear is made by the three motors of the plane churning thin frozen air, lifting us constantly upward. We have to reach an altitude of sixteen thousand feet in order to pass the ice-covered mountains that lead up to the Antarctic plateau. Our camp on the barrier is now two hundred miles behind, and four hundred miles ahead is the South Pole! Ralph Watson is at the controls—hunched forward, tense. Beside him is Howard Ross, counting every beat of the motors, his eyes on the instruments showing the gas and oil flow. John Crowley, now leader of the expedition, is beside me, his recording instruments spread around him, a notebook on his knee, making constant observations.

"Our altitude is now twelve thousand feet. Ahead now we can see the great barrier of the mountains. They look terrifically high. There seems to be a break to the right and Watson has headed the plane in that direction. There is a slight tail wind that may help us over. When we reach the Pole one of our greatest difficulties will be a return to our base. At the Pole every direction is due north, and a slight mistake in calculations might result in our being hopelessly lost in the Antarctic.

"It is entirely due to John Crowley's courage that this flight is being made today. After the tragic death of his friend Dr. Richardson, Crowley determined to push on and not lose the only stretch of favorable weather that may come for a year.

"The mountains are very close now. Our altitude is fourteen thousand feet, and Watson has headed the plane for the break. Should the pass not continue open through the range, there is no telling what may happen. Crowley is beside me, his pad on his knee, making rapid notes with his left hand . . ."

"Larry! Did you hear that?"

"Sure I heard it, you mug! 'His left hand' . . ."

"Crowley! Left-handed! I don't get this, Larry!"

"You saw his record. Boyhood friends with Richardson. Full of 'vices' and 'seconds'—vice president of half a dozen classes and clubs—second honors, lieutenant, second in command. Well, who was *first* honor all the time? Captain instead of lieutenant? Who made the speeches—grabbed the credit? Richardson! Crowley was tired of being second and doing the work while Richardson got the praise. There's the motive—*ambition*! And—wait a minute! Listen!" . . .

"Watson is trying to shoot the plane up! The pass has ended and there is an immense peak ahead! There's no room to turn back! The plane's rising, but—but it can't make it! We're going to crash! We're . . ."

"Larry! The radio's gone dead!"

"Yeah. And with it's gone the best murder case that ever broke! You can't accuse a dead man who's a hero even if he was left-handed!"

"Wait! Where are you going?"

"To get another statement from Polly Richardson. And I'll bet you a cocktail *this* time she cries! There's only one good thing about this whole business. That violet radio announcer was in the plane!"

THE END





Henry Pu Yi

"I AM Following the Will of HEAVEN,"

says Henry Pu Yi
to Frazier Hunt

(Reading time: 3 minutes 50 seconds.)

I CAME away feeling a little sorry for the boy who was doomed to be king. No single day in all his twenty-nine years had he been master of. He was not to blame, but he was no less a bit of destiny than the wisps of snow that the winds were tossing about the streets of the colorful capital at Hsingking, in the heart of the inspired state of Manchukuo—soon to be known as Ta Manchu Tikuo. This was months ago, but when these lines are read he will have been crowned emperor.

In a honking motor car I rode through the wide streets of the strange city. On a side street rose a gray brick wall, with the tiled roofs of brick buildings rising behind; and high on a flagpole fluttered the five-barred banner of the new state.

At the gateway the car stopped and guards snapped to attention. A Chinese officer led the way through two courts and then up a stair to a reception hall. While I waited, the tragic story of this young man swept swiftly across the film of my memory.

His great-aunt, the terrible old Dowager Empress, faced death, with no successor. At midnight a little four-year-old boy was brought sobbing to the throne to become ruler of all China. For three years he was the puppet emperor, and then in 1911 the great Chinese Revolution swept him from the throne. In 1917 for twelve days he was again emperor; but the monarchist revolt failed and he was once more a prisoner. Escaping, he fled for his life to Tientsin, and here the Japanese offered him asylum and for fifteen years supported him in modest luxury while they waited for the moment to come when they could use him. It came in March, 1932, when they brought him to Hsingking and made him regent.

The door opposite me opened and a tall slender smiling young man entered. He was dressed in a simple double-breasted brown suit, with a soft white silk shirt and russet tie. His hair was combed straight back and he wore horn-rimmed glasses with violet lenses. He walked directly toward me with his hand outstretched and a welcoming smile. His name was Henry Pu Yi.

He asked me how long I had been in Manchukuo and was eager to know my reactions. I swung the question around to him: "I suppose it must be thrilling for you to be back in your homeland again—in the ancient land of your ancestors?"

His answer came in carefully chosen English words: "Yes, but when you have lived as I have had to, any place

would seem like home. Still, I have had my books and my tennis and golf. I'm busier now, but in the years in Tientsin there was time for all that."

I asked him about his golf.

"It's not too good," he said with a quick smile. "Between ninety and a hundred."

"I'm afraid the Prince of Wales could beat you to death," I remarked.

"Yes, but I can beat him playing tennis."

We both laughed and then I asked him about his dreams for this new state of Manchukuo.

"MY dream," he answered slowly, "is to bring a peaceful life here for all people. We must first have a proper spiritual life—a life based on all that is finest in the old philosophy of the East. Then we must see to it that our material progress is furthered."

"And about the future of Great China—China proper?" I asked.

Again he answered with deliberation: "If we build a strong and independent state here it will be an inspiration to China and to the rest of the world. Here in this vast new land we shall welcome all the peoples of the world."

"And your future, sir—what about your own future?"

"I have no personal ambition. I want only to serve my own people. I want nothing for myself. I am following the Will of Heaven."

He was following the will of Destiny—the Will of Heaven. Life was out of his own hands.

When I rose to leave he walked to the door with me and eagerly asked where I would go now. He gripped my hand, and as he wished me good luck a far-away look came into his poor weak eyes. He would fain break these chains of Fate and go with me.

At the bottom of the stairs I glanced back. He was still standing there, looking wistfully down at me—the tragic figure who was doomed to be crowned emperor, even if only of a puppet state.

Another article by Mr. Hunt on the crisis in the Far East will appear in an early issue.

*There's
the joy of Spring
in this Asparagus
Soup*



That tender, succulent, fresh-cut asparagus which you take such a pride in selecting for your table during the Spring season! How you enjoy its lush goodness, delicate flavor and wholesome nourishment!

Only this quality of asparagus—the choicest that grows—is used in Campbell's Asparagus Soup. Here is Springtime gladness all the year! With smooth, tempting purée of asparagus is blended the finest creamery butter and the seasoning by Campbell's famous chefs gives its final touch of deliciousness.

This soup is strictly vegetable. It contains no meat in any form. So it is especially welcome for the Lenten meals and for Fridays. It makes splendid Cream of Asparagus, too. (See the label).



Also strictly vegetable are

Campbell's Tomato, Pea and Celery Soups, which contain no meat in any form whatsoever, but are enriched instead with the finest creamery butter.

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



You will look most happy,
Alone or in a group,
After you have eaten
Tempting Campbell's Soup



EAT SOUP
AND KEEP WELL

Campbell's Asparagus Soup

Smoke 'til the Midnight Spread

...and still keep
a fresh, cool mouth



*Do you keep lighting 'em without counting 'em from breakfast 'til the midnight spread?
Then it's Spuds for you... if you'd like to have a fresh-tasting mouth all the while!*

What about this "fresh" taste?

Is it menthol? Yes... but only indirectly. Spud's smoke contains hardly a trace of menthol. The menthol does its work *in the cigarette*. It simply lowers the temperature of the smoke. Therefore, what Spud gives you is just pure tobacco goodness *with the heat taken out*. That's what causes the fresh, cool taste. Try a pack.



SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES

20 FOR 15c • 100 FOR \$1.00



*Isn't it worth while to face the chorus
and know that right is on your side?*

Beginning a Hilarious New Series —

A Chorus Girl's Lectures on Etiquette

(Reading time: 10 minutes 36 seconds.)

FOREWORD

THEY call them Ladies of the Ensemble—Chorus Girls to you—and Polly Truffles, first on the left in the front row—you know, the one with the dimple on her—er—knee—you can't miss it—takes that title of lady very much to heart.

"Although we are all sisters under the grease paint," she explains, "there is an aristocracy, although a waning one, in the chorus, and some of the more plebeian girls are not getting the most out of life and their gentlemen friends, merely because they do not observe the rules of the better bred and better fed. In other words, their routine is all wrong."

So she set about writing these Lectures on Etiquette, that those who dance may read.

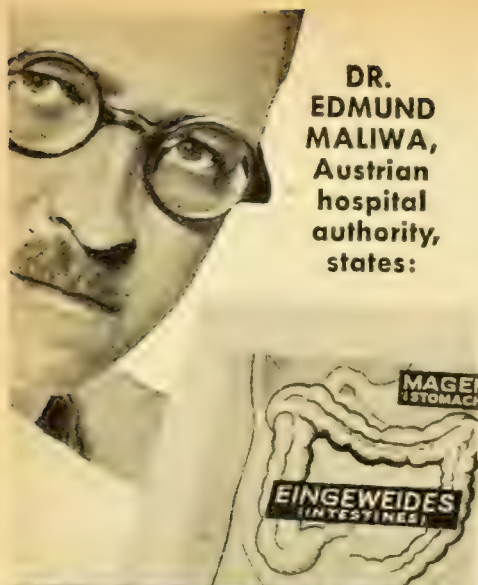
"It's my raisin' dirt, as they say in French, my mission in life, to make the world safe for chorus girls and interesting for the tired business men," is the way she expressed it.

The last couple of seasons has produced a very poor crop of gentlemen,

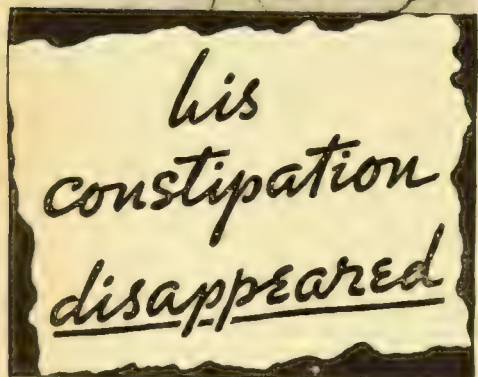
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RUSSELL PATTERSON

By DOROTHY DAY





DR.
EDMUND
MALIWA,
Austrian
hospital
authority,
states:



Prof. Dr. Maliwa, Physician-in-Chief of the exclusive Sanatorium Esplanade, near Vienna, describes a typical case:

"PATIENT—age 50—complete lack of appetite—run-down—felt 'stuffed.' The cause was severe constipation . . .

"I ordered him to give up his medicines and advised yeast . . . in a short time his constipation was corrected.

"Headaches, colds, coated tongue, skin troubles and indigestion," states Dr. Maliwa, "indicate *unclean intestines*. In such cases I advise yeast rather than the use of harsh cathartics."

Eaten daily—3 cakes a day—Fleischmann's Yeast relieves you of poisons.

Appetite sharpens. Digestion improves. You lose that heavy, "tired" feeling. You have fewer headaches, have a clearer complexion.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at any grocer's, at restaurants, soda fountains. Directions are printed on the label.

Each cake is rich in vitamins B, G, D. Add it to your diet—today!



● "I was crazy with indigestion—constipation—had awful headaches," writes Ancel P. Harvey, Indianapolis. "But Fleischmann's Yeast soon relieved me."

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according to Polly, who is familiar with all the vital statistics on the subject. A New Low has been reached, as a gentleman friend of hers from Wall Street would say. Gin has supplanted Scotch. The orchid has turned into a sweet pea. Diamond bracelets are no longer being bought by the dozen. Consider, then, the plight of the girl who takes her work seriously!

"One must summon all of one's tact, taste, and technique in this crisis," warns Polly. "Or, to sum it up and put it mildly, or maybe just for want of a better name, call it Etiquette."

The results of Polly's research are produced here so that the world at large may know the harrowing situations which constantly beset the Ladies of the Ensemble, and of Polly's marvelous solutions for every problem; that you, ladies and gentlemen, in the security of your homes and firesides, may realize the difficulties of the poor little chorus girl all alone in the great world and her sable coat, and what a struggle it must be for her to climb from the theater program to the Social Register, or, for the less ambitious, from a tiny hotel room to a spacious penthouse.

PART ONE—HOW TO BE STRONG AT A WEEK-END PARTY

If you can carry out the idea in this title, it's a neat trick, especially if you happen to be a chorus girl and get asked to some of the week-end parties that I've sat in on.

It so happens that a friend of mine actually became a lady at one of these so-called parties, but that was only because Lord Somebody-or-other got too tight to know what he was talking about and asked her to marry him. They had a beautiful wedding in the swimming pool, which automatically made a lady of her. This cannot be expected to happen at every helter-skelter week-end party, however, and it's a pretty roundabout way of getting to be a lady. You'd know it was if you ever had a look at the lord she married. So my slogan is *go a lady and remain a lady*, and Monday morning you'll be as good as new.

Maybe you don't want to be, but isn't it worth while in the end to go back and face the rest of the chorus and know that *right* is on your side?

Perhaps you don't think so. Maybe you belong to that school of thinkers which believes in taking your fun where you find it.

But, remember, it must be good clean fun. Which brings me to the question of swimming pools.

Let me tell you of a particular week-end party which I attended where the old swimmin' hole nearly got us girls into no end of mischief. It was at a Mr. Remsen's house—a neat little affair on Long Island, and it was a copy of Versailles. I never could understand why he only had a copy, because he is very rich and you would think he could afford the original model. Well, anyway, this little place looked more like the Grand Central Station than anything else. You really needed a pair of roller skates to see it all in one week-end.

The carpets were so thick that you sank up to your elbows in them and the butlers were so plentiful that we lost two over the week-end and never missed them until Monday morning.

The piece de resistance (the piece snappy to you) was the swimming pool. It was a copy of an old Roman pool, and I gather that those old Romans went in heavy for baths. I knew a Greek once—but that's another story.

We motored down after the show, and somewhere along about the fourth highball the host suggested that, it being a Saturday night and all, we go in for a swim.

This seemed to strike everybody as being the best idea of the season, so we were given cunning little bathing suits of bright colors, and dashed for the pool.

It was right out in the open under the stars, and additional light was supplied by blue baby spotlights.

We dived and swam and splashed each other like so many happy children, but imagine our embarrassment when we girls started to emerge to find that our suits had entirely disappeared! The host, a playful fellow, to say the least, had given us suits of some strange material which dissolved in the water!

Now, outside of praying for a bit of cellophane, what would you do in a case like that? Some of the girls rushed out and darted about like startled fawns all over the lawn—some hid behind trees and some sank into bushes.

But I was convinced that any of these procedures were unfitting to a lady, so I remained in the water, despite the protest of the male members of the party to come out and play nymph and satyr.

I was practically the heroine of the evening, for my unwillingness to emerge drew the attention of the men away from the other girls, and they hovered around the pool shouting to come out wherever you are.

BUT no. I vowed and declared with all the dignity I could summon—and if you think it's easy to be dignified without a stitch of clothes on in a strange swimming pool which is completely surrounded by stranger men, you have more poise than I—that I would not come out until they brought me some clothes, if I stayed there the rest of my life.

They argued that it was all in fun—"Some faun, eh, keed?" one rude fellow shouted, and tried to pull me out, but I remained in the middle of the pool and shivered, for the drinks were wearing off and it was getting chilly.

I thought they would tire of the game soon and leave me alone. But no! While my plight gave the other girls an opportunity to scamper into the house and gather up their clothes, it left me what is known as the cynosure of all eyes.

Suddenly the host seemed to be stricken with an idea. He left the group and went off somewhere, and

when he returned I didn't like the triumphant look in his eyes at all.

Soon I began to get very cold around the shoulders, and I perceived that the water was receding and that gradually I was being uncovered slowly but surely. He had let the water out, and there was I, standing in a rather poor imitation of September Morn, right in the middle of the receding water.

Now maybe you think this wasn't a difficult situation for a girl who prides herself on being a lady.

I don't know what I would have done myself if George Thompson had not come to my aid. I hadn't paid much attention to him, for I had been warned in advance that he was only a bond salesman, and I am not a girl to waste my time, but I am eternally grateful to him for what he did that night.

Just as the water was really getting too low for decency, the baby spotlights went off and kindly darkness settled upon me. It was George's bright idea to turn off the switch. Well, it didn't take me long to seize the opportunity, and I dashed over the top and out of that pool, into the house, and reached the stairs.

Talk about a nude descending the staircase! You should have seen this one ascending! Two steps at a time, around the landing, and into my room before you could say Robinson Crusoe, or whatever you would say in a case like that.

NOW I realize that the situation I have described here is unique, and that it isn't at every week-end party that such a thing would occur, but it is always the unusual that we should be prepared for. So in case a thing like it should ever happen to you, look around for the nearest man like George Thompson, and know that he will take the situation in hand and turn the lights off for you.

Then scram, as I did, with the speed of an electric gazelle, to your own little room and go to sleep, because it's always well to bear in mind that tomorrow is another day.

Which brings us to the subject of Sunday-morning breakfast. No week-end party is complete without one. Why a gathering of people supposedly on a holiday should congregate on the Sabbath morn and suddenly hate each other is hard to understand, but this deplorable fact is true. It is the most difficult meal of the entire week-end.

The solution I have always used is simply this: Don't talk! Toy with your eggs, if you feel strong enough, and drink three cups of black coffee before you say a word, and then say just little ones, like maybe and perhaps. There are a couple of words that will always stand a lady in good stead. And there are times when they are more vital to you than on a Sunday morning, too!

After the meal some of the stronger members will suggest riding or a spot of tennis, and if you care for that sort of thing it's all right with

"Look what I found when I lost the 7 stains"



"YES, that gorgeous ring means I'm engaged!—to the man I've always loved—and almost lost.

"For a time, he seemed to avoid me. I wondered why, until . . .

"... he sent some flowers to my chum, and I . . . I read the card. It said 'To the girl with the loveliest smile I ever saw'!

"That day I spent gazing into my mirror. Realizing how dull my teeth had become—wondering how my chum kept her teeth so sparkling white.

"Well, trust me. I found out. 'The things you eat and drink,' she told me, 'leave 7 kinds of stains on teeth. Mere hints of stains, at first. But most toothpastes don't remove them all, so your teeth gradually grow duller. Use Colgate's Dental Cream—it's specially made to remove all seven kinds of stains!'

"Well, you can see I took her advice. See how my teeth gleam—how gorgeously white they are.

"We're being married in June."

**Don't let the 7 stains mar
your beauty...your happiness**

Would you love to see your teeth whiter, more sparkling? Then let Colgate's two cleansing actions remove all 7 kinds of stains that come from food and drink—stains no dental cream with one cleansing action can remove.

And ten days from now, see what a difference this two-action dental cream can make. Gives sweeter breath, too. And Colgate's, at 20c, is the most economical of all good toothpastes . . . the least expensive of all beauty aids. Buy a tube today.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has TWO cleansing actions. It gives the same remarkable results and sells at the same prices. 



MISS MARJORIE SHEERIN of
Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:—



**"My cough
is gone
already—**

**"I'm so glad I took
my Doctor's advice!"**

● "I had to stay home from the office," writes Miss Sheerin, "my cough was so bad. So I called the doctor. He said, 'Take Pertussin—it's the best thing there is for a cough.' Am I glad I did!... Next morning my cough was gone!"

MILLIONS OF GLANDS—like tiny water faucets—inside your throat and bronchial passages keep the tissues healthily moist.

But when you "catch cold" these glands clog up with thick, infected mucus! Your throat feels tickly—dry. You cough and cough, but you can't "raise" a thing.

You must get those little moisture glands back into action, to stop a cough. And Pertussin does just that!

Doctors have found that a spoonful or two quickly stimulate the glands to start pouring their natural moisture out into your throat. Germ-laden phlegm is loosened. Your throat feels soothed and relieved. Pertussin is actually helping Nature herself to cure your cough!

Pertussin is the scientific extract of a medicinal herb famous in treating the most severe coughs known. It contains no narcotics, no harmful drugs. Get a bottle today!

DOCTORS PRESCRIBE Pertussin for babies, too—it's so safe. "It's the best remedy I know for coughs," writes one doctor. "I use it for my own family," another states. It won't upset the digestion.



PERTUSSIN

has been prescribed by doctors for 30 years . . . It works safely!

me. Everybody should take at least one good deep breath a day and, in extreme cases, a little exercise. But the ideal thing to do is to go off with a man like George Thompson, or somebody you can trust, and spend the remainder of the Sunday morning, which would be from about two until five, in a quiet corner somewhere. You can always talk about life, and love, but keep away from the subject of matrimony. Remember bond salesmen are all right in a pinch, but you've got the rest of your life to think about.

Now we come to the low ebb of the

week-end party. Sunday evening. Like tired children the group assembles for cocktails before dinner. If you happen to know a good clean new joke, it is not amiss to recount it now. While doing so, look around for a red-faced gentleman with a round stomach.

I suppose you wonder why, when everything seems so pleasant. I shall tell you.

Bank presidents and people of that ilk usually look like that, and after dinner remember there is likely to be bridge or gambling of some sort, and you know as well as I do

JANUARY 20 PRIZE WINNERS HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

WITH this announcement of prize winners the series of ten weekly awards in the Home Life Snapshot Contest comes to an end. But there is more and bigger news to follow. Regardless of your success or lack of success in the ten weekly contests, if you entered you are eligible for one of the five \$200 Grand Prizes. Announcement of these awards will be made as rapidly as possible. Watch Liberty each week!

\$100 FIRST PRIZE

RALPH E. WILLIAMS, Round Lake, N. Y.

TEN \$10 PRIZES

Mrs. Fred D. Armatage, Eaton, Colo.; Robert M. Haase, Richmond, Va.; Theodore Lehwald, South Orange, N. J.; Anna B. Martino, Mill Valley, Calif.; W. G. McHugh, Cincinnati, Ohio; F. Howard Rich, Wynantskill, N. Y.; Clara M. Sanders, Pleasantville, N. J.; Adolph Sterner, Worcester, Mass.; W. Weydemeyer, Fortine, Mont.; Mrs. Walter H. Wright, Nakusp, B. C.;

FORTY \$5 PRIZES

Archie Amos, Fort Wayne, Ind.; E. R. Augustin, Jr., Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. A. Berglund, Chicago, Ill.; Kolman Bodnar, New York, N. Y.; Bernard J. Cassidy, Honolulu, T. H.; Nadine Cole, Bay Village, Ohio; Mrs. Oscar Danielson, Twin Valley, Minn.; Mrs. Dwight Davis, Amarillo, Tex.; Colin Dobell, Vancouver, B. C.; Mrs. U. J. Froebel, San Antonio, Tex.; Harry Gambichler, Canajoharie, N. Y.; Mrs. Gene Hall, Burlingame, Calif.; Mrs. A. B. Hazard, Riverside, Ill.; Mrs. Berthilda Herder, San Francisco, Calif.; Myra Higginson, Brigham, Utah; George M. Ivey, Charlotte, N. C.; Walter A. Kruszyna, Chicopee Falls, Mass.; Roy C. Manchester, Paducah, Ky.; J. W. McManigal, Horton, Kan.; Carl V. Minden, Chicago, Ill.

J. H. Morgan, Meridian, Miss.; H. E. Morrisett, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. August Oberlander, Waco, Tex.; Eleanor Olbert, Durango, Colo.; Carol P. Oppenheimer, Brevard, N. C.; Benjamin Osso, Cedarhurst, N. Y.; James T. Peterson, Fort Worth, Tex.; Golden B. Rissinger, York, Pa.; Helen N. Sample, Portland, Ore.; Carl Savage, Cincinnati, Ohio; Carl Schamu, Jr., Liverpool, N. Y.; Mrs. J. Schnellinger, Buffalo, N. Y.; Thelma Silva, Santa Clara, Calif.; Walter M. Sorceus, Schenectady, N. Y.; Lita W. Stearns, Marblehead, Mass.; P. W. Vogelaar, Bulyen, Sask.; Mrs. Frances Walls, Denison, Tex.; Ruth Wanamaker, St. Petersburg, Fla.; W. W. Wimberly, El Paso, Tex.; Mrs. E. Wright, Neponset, Mass.



Mr. Williams's \$100 entry



The \$5 winner entered by Walter A. Kruszyna.

that you've left your pocketbook in town and haven't got a cent to play with.

If you're discerning and select the right man, you will find that it's heads you win and tails he loses, and you may go back to the city the following morning considerably richer—I don't mean in experience, but in good iron men of the realm. Remember to laugh like a delighted little child every time you win, and when he wins you get so excited that you gather in the pretty colored chips for him and add them to your pile. They don't really represent anything to you—they're just dear little chips—and it's just the idea of being a winner that appeals to you—it's not really the money. No.

Which brings us to Monday morning, and perhaps the less said about that the better. Anyway, you get to town somehow, and when you look at yourself in your own little mirror, you can search your face and find not a trace of a memory of not having been a lady. Of course, if you happen to have passed out after the fifth highball on Sunday night, you may wonder a little, but what you don't remember can't hurt you, and you *did* remember to thank your host for a pleasant week-end, which was, after all, the courteous and cultured thing to do.

Polly will pursue her lectures next week, divulging to her sisters under the make-up "What to Do Until the Waiter Comes" and a few pertinent pointers on "Dining In."

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station New York, N. Y.

- 1—What is a virago?
- 2—Which state once had two capitals?
- 3—What is the meaning of the Latin phrase *Ecce homo*?
- 4—Who wrote *Invictus*?
- 5—What is a vagary?
- 6—Who is John Masefield?
- 7—What is philately?
- 8—Where was paper first made?
- 9—What is the meaning of the word prognostication?
- 10—Is a pearl a stone?
- 11—What is the derivation of the ounce?
- 12—Who was Tubal-cain?
- 13—What is an escalator?
- 14—Who wrote *The Man Without a Country*?
- 15—Who was the only President of the present Republican Party to serve eight years?
- 16—What is an oasis?
- 17—What was the Mormon settlers' name for Utah?
- 18—Where is the Bok carillon and bird sanctuary?
- 19—What is obsidian?
- 20—Which is the largest planet?

(Answers will be found on page 59)



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cottons and linens
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THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA



"I wanted you just as you are: midnight in your hair, bright morning in your eyes, a smile that remembers. God! you're lovely."

Destroyer

(Reading time: 29 minutes 14 seconds.)

LIEUTENANT JOEL TIERNAN, appointed gunnery officer of the U. S. Destroyer Spearman, on the Asiatic Station, joins his ship in Manila. Lieutenant Dennis Karnell, torpedo officer, on his first night in Manila gives him a note to Brother Cheng, Chinese philosopher, who keeps a restaurant in the Calle Limahong.

Joel visits Brother Cheng and is deeply impressed with his wisdom and kindness. While he is at the restaurant, a girl comes into the house. Joel and the girl have a strange feeling that they have met before. She tells him that her name is Aithra, but that means nothing to him. Brother Cheng remarks simply: "It happens that way once in many thousand meetings." The girl leaves and Joel has a premonition that they will meet again soon.

The next day Joel meets the officers of his new ship: Lieutenant Commander Leidig, the commanding officer; Lieutenant James Horus, executive officer; Lieutenant Chenoweth, first lieutenant; Lieutenant Dorne and Ensign Starling.

Commander Leidig requests that all the officers attend a tea being given that afternoon at the Manila Hotel by Mrs.

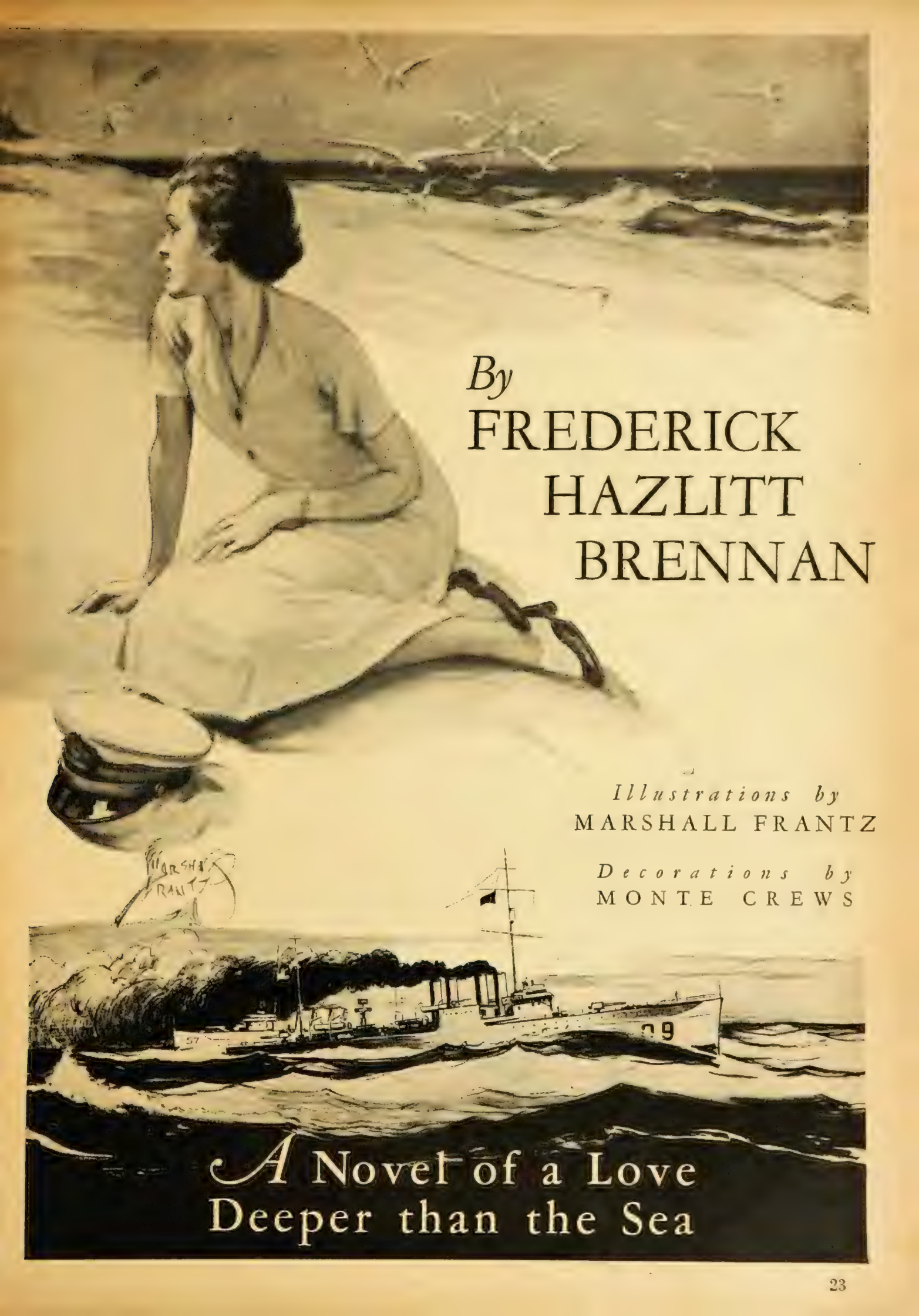
Hatfield, the wife of the squadron commander. At this function Joel again meets Aithra, the girl of Brother Cheng's, and finds that she is the wife of Commander Leidig. He is completely dumfounded. Aithra finds a moment to tell him that they must talk and makes an appointment to meet Joel next morning on Malabar Beach at dawn.

PART TWO—"I HAVE ALWAYS LOVED YOU, AITHRA"

A MISERABLE evening and a sleepless night left me no nearer peace. This would be no case of "We love each other. You don't love him. Come, let us go away together." It would not be as simple as that!

I turned out when the first gray of dawn lighted the single port of my tiny room. I looked at my sword, in a leather case, stirred on its hook by the gentle rocking of the ship. "An officer and a gentleman." The cliché freshened suddenly and had meaning again. I did not know whether I would play the gentleman—the vaguest word in a naval officer's vocabulary—but I might manage to be an officer.

Dungarees. Work. That was it!



By
FREDERICK
HAZLITT
BRENNAN

Illustrations by
MARSHALL FRANTZ

Decorations by
MONTE CREWS

*A Novel of a Love
Deeper than the Sea*

Two hours later Dennis and I were checking the buzzer on number four gun aft. The sun was vicious; its blistering heat shimmered upward from the steel platform of the deck house. I was soaked with sweat, and the sight-setter's head phones I wore to talk to McDermott up in fire control were almost intolerable.

"How did the drill go?" Dennis inquired.

"Surprisingly well. They have good loading speed. The pointers and trainers seem to know what it's all about. Of course it's too soon to tell how they'll shoot."

Calling McDermott in fire control, I said, "Everything appears to be O. K. That's all. Thank you."

"Thank you, sir," his voice came back.

"We're set for the time being," I reported to Dennis. "Let's go below and drink three lemonades. And, Dennis—"

Footsteps interrupted. We looked up to see Captain Leidig and Executive Officer Horus approaching. We got to our feet, mopping at our faces with towels.

"Good morning, gentlemen!"

"Good morning, sir," I said, smiling back at him.

"Good morning, sir," said Dennis.

The mocking devil at my inward ear was saying: "Her husband. And you have a rendezvous with her! And he's your friend. See? He's looking his friendliness."

He said, "Is everything in shape?"

"Yes, sir. It was a tidy overhaul."

Horus's white stare softened. It seemed Leidig's cue to acknowledge his first mate's thoroughness. He did not. He asked, instead, half a dozen worried, nervous questions.

"Now, then—you've been drilling?"

"For two hours, sir. I'm making it the daily schedule, with Mr. Horus's permission."

Leidig became the martinet.

"That's the stuff. Send the gun captains to me—um—ah—tomorrow, after mast. I'll shake 'em down."

"Very good, sir."

"Like the way you're taking hold, Tiernan."

"Thank you, sir."

He nodded jerkily, turned on his heel, and marched off. Horus plodded at his elbow.

Dennis, who had been ignored, sighed.

"The jitters today. Badly."



AITHRA and I sat on white sand washed by the thin green waters of Rien's Cove. I was finding it difficult to breathe normally. I had to be careful to steady my voice and choose short sentences.

Aithra spoke the first words that belonged to both of us:

"Perhaps I shouldn't have come here, Joel. But you looked as if I had hurt you horribly. Why was it? Hadn't I warned you at Brother Cheng's?"

"He warned me too. Still I knew it had to be,"

"I felt that. And I was frightened."

Her eyes looked through and beyond me. I tried to see what they saw; I longed to exchange sight with her; I hungered to live all that she had lived.

"You think you love me romantically. I saw that yesterday. It—it distressed me so—"

"I have always loved you, Aithra."

"How strange! I can almost believe that I—" This time her eyes were frankly appraising. "Yes—you're the one. It's true. They call you a black Irishman. don't they?"

"Not exactly. Black Irishmen usually have brown eyes. Mine are gray."

She inspected them naïvely.

"They're a greenish gray in this light. I like them very much. I like all the signs. Your hair is thick and strong. You have soot—here and here—" She drew lines to indicate my brows and lashes. "Your nose is wide. Your mouth is soft. Your chin is hard. And yet you're not especially handsome, are you?"

"MY mother thought so. And when I'm drunk I think so. No, I'm not handsome."

She shook her head, smiling.

"Yes, you are, when you say you're not. How old are you?"

"Twenty-seven."

"I'm twenty-four."

"I always wanted you to be twenty-four. I wanted you just as you are: midnight in your hair, bright morning in your eyes, a smile that remembers. God! you're lovely."

"I wanted you to have a little blarney, but not too much."

We laughed together. Then we remembered—and were silent.

"Why couldn't we have met three years ago?" I blurted.

She gave me a direct, steady scrutiny. It was like the sudden opening of a door.

"Neither of us would have been ready then. What sort of person were you three years ago, Joel?"

"Not a very good sort," I confessed.

"Nor I. There were fourteen of us in my class at Miss Detweiler's in Baltimore. We were spending between ten and twenty thousand a year each. I'm very glad you graduated before I began attending hops at Annapolis."

"You were nobility itself compared to me about that time," I said. And, anxious to stay in the past for fear of the present, I told her about my life back home.

"Well—here we are," I said. "Is this all? Are we to nod and pass each other by?"

Aithra traced a mystical hieroglyphic in the sand. My heart twinged with panic as I saw her face set. She looked up bravely.

"I'm sorry, Joel. It—it was a mistake to talk to you at all. I knew it would only wound you."

"I asked for it. Go on. Say it. You're married. You're married to Lieutenant Commander John Leidig, my commanding officer. You love him."

"No—not in the way you think."

"You did love him."

"I thought so."

"Oh, why did you do it? Why couldn't you have waited for me?"

"He loved me. He still loves me. Oh, don't you see? We can't talk about it. I feel a—a—ghastly disloyalty. I shouldn't have sneaked away like this. Tell me, do you know what an imperishable is?"

"I—I think so. Brother Cheng—"

"He calls them, quite beautifully, the God Man's whispering children. I say 'imperishables,' and they have other names like honor, loyalty, beauty, faith, purity. Each generation has its own labels and none is entirely satisfactory. Perhaps the idea—well—of you—was one of my imperishables. But I dismissed it with a phrase. I said, 'Romantic nonsense.' I substituted for my lost imperishables a sort of maudlin disillusionment." Then, after a pause: "I met Jack when he was in the hospital at San Diego. I had been visiting mutual friends in La Jolla. Jack fitted in perfectly. He was so—so human. He had lived hard, he had a past, he was everything that

shocked the storybook maxims for husbands. I saw myself as a hard matter-of-fact young modern. My people opposed it. But I had my own money—too much money. So we eloped—after knowing each other six weeks."

My fists clenched.

"I hate him!"

"No! You must never hate him, Joel. I should—despise you!"

"He tricked you. He was years older—"

"Let me finish. You're all wrong about Jack tricking me. It was I who tricked him. I was one of his imperishables. He worshiped me. He needed me. He had behaved badly toward women in the past. I was to—"

"—be a rounder's home port, eh?"

"Don't, Joel! This is too important for cheap cynicism." She looked at me with a disappointment that hurt. "I'm sorry I tried to make you see. I'm going home."

"Forgive me," I pleaded. "It isn't easy for me to hear you talk about him—"

"Let us say good-by now, Joel. I think I'd rather have you go away hating me than blaming Jack. He is the one who is suffering most."

"You can look at me and say that?"

"YES! I know you both. I know the three of us. You and I are different, Joel. We have turned back in time. We can still recognize our imperishables. But they are hidden from Jack. He only knows that he buried them and piled twenty years on their graves, and then one day he heard them whispering. Their voices torture him."

"They can do that to a man," I was obliged to admit. "I have heard them." Was it not they who had sent me to Brother Cheng?

Aithra leaned over and gripped my right hand with hers.

"That was what I meant to Jack—what I still mean to him. I am the one visible imperishable through which he hopes to find them again—his honor, his patriotism, his

sense of duty, his courage." Her voice lifted with a lovely dismaying rapture: "I can't forsake him, Joel. In my eyes he thinks he sees atonement for every girl who looked at him in lust. He has a great wrongdoing on his conscience which he has never confessed to me. But some day he will—it must be soon, because he can't stand it much longer."

"He has no right to use you—" I found my voice unable to go on.

SHE gave my hand a quick, reassuring squeeze.

"He isn't asking a great deal of me, Joel. And he has achieved a very fine love for me. It will save him—I know it will—if I stand by."

"What about me?" I uttered chokily.

"You can help me—with Jack—if you will. He needs you in the ship. He needs stout friends in the ship. He likes you. He thinks you will make a splendid officer. If—if we both stand by we can regain our own imperishables, Joel."

I couldn't hear any more talk about Jack Leidig.

"Oh, damn this self-sacrificial nobleness!" I cried.

"I don't want you untouchable. I want you in my arms where you have always belonged. He can't keep you. You're mine—mine!" I began kissing her hand.

She jerked her hand away and stood up. I got to my feet.

"No, Joel. I'm going home now. You stay where you are."

My eyes foggy with emotion, I lost my head. I took several steps and groped for her. She stopped my arms with her hands.

"Joel, look at me. This isn't you. Tell me it isn't you—"

"I want to see you. I want to talk to you. I want to love you. It isn't my fault he's shot himself to pieces. It isn't your fault, either. To hell with this talk, talk, talk about imperishables!"

She gave a little gasp of pain.

"Oh, poor lost Joel!"



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With a sudden pitying motherliness that humbled me; she slid her hands up and ruffled my hair, and kissed me on the cheek.

All passion went out of me. I dropped my arms.

"Forgive me—forgive me," I said.

I fled back to my ship and to the company of men. I would lose my wound in long hours of work. I tried to hide from myself the knowledge that in loving Aithra I had begun a Via Dolorosa which seemed to have no end.

When the first morning mail from the States arrived, I saw Hansen, the yeoman, hand Dennis a bulky packet of letters. They were all addressed in the same feminine script. He hid them quickly in his blouse and went at once to his room. Later I popped in on him with a jolly flippancy. He was lying on his bunk with the opened letters stacked beside him.

A SNAPSHOT had fallen to the floor. I stooped and picked it up without glancing at it. Dennis handed it back.

"Miss Bryson—Mr. Tiernan."

"Oh," I said. "She's lovely, Dennis."

I hated myself for the pause. The snapshot showed a rather plain girl seated in an invalid's chair.

"Thanks, old man."

"Accident?"

"Auto smash-up. A year ago. She's paralyzed—permanently. We were to have been married this summer."

"That's tough. No hope of an operation or treatment?"

"None. The docs did their best."

Dennis looked long at the picture.

"I can't get her to marry me, Joel. She says all the things a generous heart would say. She couldn't be a real wife to me, and all that." His jaw tightened. "As if I would ever let it matter!"

I knew Dennis much better after that one sentence.

"She can't understand you very well—to be worried about that," I said.

"She remembers me as I was two years ago. That's the trouble. It would have mattered—then. I had a hellish woman-hunger. I did my share to uphold the dishonor of the Asiatic Squadron. Mary knew it."

"I believe you," I said, "and when she sees you again, she will too."

"No. She'll never marry me. She was ready to trust me to be faithful—and that was a lot for any girl. But this smash-up—well—the physical thing isn't possible. She's clinging to life by a thread. But we could be happy together without that."

I blundered. I said, "It would be difficult, Dennis. Never to have a home or children—" His response was merely a glance, but it squelched me.

Next to Leidig and Dennis, young Mr. Chenoweth was the most absorbing conundrum among my shipmates. I discovered that he had an impulsive emotional sympathy for rascals great

and small. He said to me one morning:

"You know yourself that a man can do something with the best motive in the world and be called a rotter for it. Take what happened to me in Honolulu, for instance. I had a love affair with a simply charming girl. If you met her you'd fall for her. She was married to a poisonous egg, a marine



Lieutenant Commander Leidig

captain. The big bum actually went so far as to complain to Leidig. Of course, if Leidig had been like some skippers I might have been in a jam."

"What happened?"

"Nothing. Leidig said of course I'd have to give her up. We were sailing for Manila in a few days. I was all broken up over it, of course."

He insisted that I meet Miss Laura Hartsook and her chum Miss Alice Brandt. They were, he declared, the most charming girls in Manila. He hinted that Laura had led a very tragic life.

I did meet Laura and Alice at an Army-Navy Club dance. Laura was a faded blonde wisp in the fringe of the social set.

The evening was satisfactorily dull. I was interested only in watching Chenoweth, and my partner, Alice, seemed to share my absorption. "It's beautiful—the way they love each other—and all that," Alice confided to me. "But I don't see how it can last. Laura isn't really Mort's type." And not long after, Chenoweth gave Alice a long look.

Both Dennis and Horus disliked Chenoweth, although they had different reasons. Dennis resented his appropriation of lofty ideals to cloak cheap sexual episodes. Horus detested indirection of any sort, and Chenoweth, while putting on a front of boyish frankness in all his dealings, was exasperatingly evasive when it came to show-downs.

Poor decimal-pointed Horus—he always moved in straight lines.

Ensign Starling had left the Academy chock-full of juvenile ideals, and his experiences in the fleet had been too harshly disillusioning. He spent his time in corners of the transom, listening for remarks to sneer at, or else he read books written by more

engine hatch. The heedless insouciance of his shore manner had disappeared. Around him sailors were laying a line of hose to the anchor chain. I looked for young Starling and found him on the bridge. Signalmen were checking flag bags under his direction.

"I'm glad we've plenty of oil," Dennis remarked, squinting at the whitecaps on the bay. "Hatfield will have us kicking twenty-seven knots before it's over, and this can has an ungodly list with light tanks in a turn."

"How's her rudder?"

"Fast. We're fourth in column and those fellows in the Willoughby are the slowest turners in the outfit. You have to wait for their boil to come abeam of the fo'c'sle gun breech or you'll gain fifty yards on 'em."

"DOES she have any trouble turning up speed with the flag?"

"Yes. The Tradgett's just out of dry dock, and we've been out five months. It keeps Dorne humping to get a smooth twenty-seven knots and show any kind of efficiency rating. The gang in the Bradshaw catch most of the hell. Hatfield signals if they vary ten yards."

"How is the Tradgett? Pretty smart?"

"Hatfield tries to make her so. He'd have a taut division if it wasn't for us. Too bad—the old boy wants a battleship."

"Any chance?"

"Yes. He seems to have a good drag with Admiral Hilary. If we could turn to and make a record in our firings, it would help a lot."

Four siren blasts, sounding almost as one, ripped the heavy air above our ships. They were followed in quick succession by another four and another four. Then four whistles boomed.

Dennis chuckled.

"Not bad. We made them to the dot with the flag!"

I was proud of my ship as we climbed the bridge ladder.

Starling saluted us. His long, homely face was flushed. He clutched the secret-signal book as if we were about to be boarded by a regiment of spies. Beside him, a leather-visaged old signalman spat tobacco juice to leeward.

"All set here, sir!"

Dennis nodded and we passed to the bridge proper. Horus was at the chart table. He looked up and said, "Seven minutes and twenty-three seconds, Mr. Karnell."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

Seven minutes and twenty-three seconds to getting-under-way time, and our captain was not on the bridge. Horus was shocked. Apparently Leidig had never been so late before.

As officer of the deck, Dennis rang the cabin and reported, "He'll be right up, sir."

Quartermaster, helmsman, and lookout stood at their posts. Below on the fo'c'sle I saw Chenoweth and his anchor gang waiting.



Lieutenant James Horus

articulate romanticists who were better at sneering than he. Leidig assigned him to the post of communication officer and he also had charge of the commissary.

One morning, when I had been on the Spearman a week, Leidig suddenly loomed above me in the narrow frame of the hatch. His eyes were like black holes lit by two feeble flames.

"Good morning, Joel! Before I forget—Mrs. Leidig and I want you over for dinner Friday evening. Is that too short notice? If you're tied up, don't hesitate to say so."

"N-no, sir. Thank you. I'll be most happy to come."

I PRAYED for something to happen that might spare me worse suffering than I already felt.

The next day we were going out with the three sister ships of the division to practice tactical exercises for the day. Captain Hatfield was dissatisfied with our turns, Horus had explained.

Dennis and I went topside. Crews were hoisting our boats. I saw them rise, dripping, and my heart lightened. We were shut off from land. We were turning our back on Manila. Even for a day, that meant we were men to ourselves again.

Lieutenant Dorne hailed us.

He was no longer the wardroom mouse; his timidity had become quiet confidence. Forward I could see Chenoweth peering down the anchor

Try to avoid stuffy indoor living



but build up your resistance as well

Indoors, do you fuss about the house being too warm or too drafty? Outdoors, do you complain about the cold and dampness "going right through you?"

Of course, other people feel these things too! No one, not even people in the best condition can afford to take unnecessary risks in bad weather.

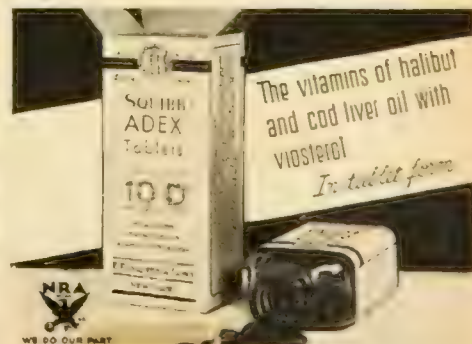
But perhaps you are affected *more* by these conditions than others. What you probably need most is *good resistance*.

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"Heave short!" Dennis barked the command incisively.

"Heave short, sir!"

The chain rumbled along the fo'c'sle, sending a quiver through the ship. Horus began to fume.

"Signal flying to get under way. Cast to starboard, sir."

"Two block."

Starling popped in with "Natural order. Standard speed eighteen knots. Speed cones, sir."

Dennis called, "Take 'er up," to Chenoweth. Another rumble. The ship moved.

Our captain hurried in. "I'll take over, thanks," he said to Dennis. His voice had a whisky hoarseness. His face looked drawn.

"Execute!"

Signal flags dropped. Leidig leaned through one of the bridge windows and barked orders.

Watching him—I would have nothing else to do on make-you-learn duty except give a haul with stadimeter and pelorus readings—I wondered why the mere routine of getting under way should require such a patent effort of will. Why had he dawdled in his cabin until the last minute? What did he fear? Why had he marched in with his eyes trying to avoid our glances? What was going on behind that gaunt mask of his face?

"Anchor's aweigh!"

Dennis blew a whistle. "Hoist!" Up went our ensign at the gaff. Leidig said, "Port engine, one third ahead." The quartermaster's hand moved to the engine-room telegraph. The ship's engines turned over, a familiar shuddery blend of sound and vibration. We felt the Spearman's lifeblood stir beneath our feet.

"Going ahead slowly-y-y-y, sir!"

"Right ten degrees rudder, sir."

We moved, drawing our four stacks across the squatting flanks of Manila. Leidig swung her deftly into a current. We straightened out on line with the flagship. "He can handle a ship," I thought. "Why is he shrinking from command?"

Looking seaward, I saw our sister ships in motion. We found our hole, two hundred and fifty yards behind the Willoughby. We began to pitch a little.

I eyed Leidig covertly. He was standing to my right and just behind Donohue the helmsman.

He turned to Starling and said, "Please keep a sharp eye out for a one-eight turn."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Horus stiffened.

"Did Captain Hatfield say at what speed he was going to turn one-eights today, sir?"

Leidig shrugged and attempted a casual tone:

"He has an itch to do 'em at twenty-seven knots—thirty—thirty-two. He'll try it one of these days."

"We can make 'em if any other ship can, sir!"

"That's the spirit, Jim."

THIS brief exchange gave the whole thing away. Leidig was worried about turning one-eight at high speed. Horus knew that and was trying to brace him. The one-eight maneuver is a countermarch in which each ship of the column turns simultaneously through 180°. Admiral Scheer had performed it at Jutland to escape Jellicoe's battleships. A very ticklish business, verging on the foolhardy when attempted with heavy tonnage, and offering a serious problem at high speed to destroyers.

Our speed increased from two thirds to standard.

Leidig's voice emerged from a blend of sounds, querulous, prescient: "It's going to be devilish rough for turns, Jim. I think he ought to call it off."

I did not care to look at Leidig just then.

"Signal flying to change course, sir. Column right

forty-five degrees," called Dennis a moment later.

"Two block."

Leidig's spare wide-shouldered figure grew taut.

"Execute!"

We made our first turn. Leidig handled the ship smartly, putting her rudder over just inside the Willoughby's wake and straightening out almost on the line.

"Pretty turn, sir," said Horus.

"Th-thanks, Jim."

We were squared away to run past Corregidor. The wind had shifted and we smelled the open sea.

"What's that signal?"

"Starling!"

"Signal?"

"Bradshaw out of station, sir."

"Oh—the Bradshaw."

DENNIS and I exchanged glances. Dennis looked a little sick. I was surprised, and suddenly began to feel squeamish in my stomach. I couldn't understand it.

I heard Starling say to Dennis, "Hadh't you better lie down in the cabin a few minutes, sir?"

"Thanks; I'm all right."

Leidig overheard. He said kindly, "Mort can relieve you, Karnell. No use fighting it today." Leidig's manner underwent a lightning change.

"Thank you, sir," Dennis said. "It'll pass off in a minute."

Shaking his head, Leidig turned to a messenger. "Ask the pharmacist's mate for a bottle of my prescription for seasickness."

Dennis, his face leaden with self-disgust, turned away to check the quartermaster's last entry in the log.

We all made comments about seasickness to ease Dennis's humiliation. The messenger returned with the seasickness remedy. Leidig insisted that Dennis swallow some. He laughed and said, "Damn' if I don't believe it's getting me too. Give me a swig of that stuff." He might have been standing at the bar in the A.-N. Club.

Horus looked up from the chart table disapprovingly. Leidig said, "I

can go along for three years and a typhoon won't faze me. Then I'll step into a ricksha and be seasick as a tumblebug." Was he toying with the idea of seasickness as a means to escape further duty on the bridge?

"Signal flying. Ships left twenty degrees—take line of bearing—"

We worked through half a dozen maneuvers while Leidig fretted: "Lot of damn' nonsense, Jim! Hear that creaking? We'll shear some bottom rivets. She's pounding too hard, Jim."

"Signal flying. Increase speed to twenty-seven knots."

Leidig faltered.

"Two block," he said weakly.

It was coming. Horus left the chart table and shuffled uneasily nearer to Leidig. Dennis stood staring at Leidig's back, fascinated.

"Execute!"

The ship surged forward, shuddering as she passed a bad vibration point, then settling into a fierce angry rumble.

"It's too fast, Jim!"

"We can make it, sir."

Signals poured in on us, drawing Horus back to his post. We were to be the new guide after the turn, and the other ships were checking distances with us.

"Mind your rudder, Donohue!"

"Mind your rudder, sir."

Leidig moistened his lips and swallowed hard.

"Starling! Signal?"

"Nothing yet, sir."

"What's that rattle?"

"Loose transom sheathing in the emergency cabin."

NEXT WEEK—

Beginning

RENDEZVOUS

By

EDGAR JOHN BOULIGNY

as told to

WILLIAM ROBERTSON

An American Fighter's Amazing True
Adventures

OUR FINANCIAL RACKETEERS

By

Senator Duncan U. Fletcher

A startling declaration of war on those
who have betrayed their trusts in caring
for other people's money

Other stories and articles by Upton
Close, Zona Gale, Jay Franklin, Faith
Ellen Smith, Bernarr Macfadden, and
others.

"The wind is shifting broad on the bow, isn't it?"

"We'll cast into it nicely, sir," said Dennis.

Our voices reassured him. He wanted us close behind him. He wanted to use our strength, our youth.

"Starling! Signal—What's that?"

"The Bradshaw—getting a Fox, sir."

"Hell! A Fox. Hatfield would worry about a little smoke—"

"Signal flying for ships right one hundred and eighty degrees, sir!"

"Two block."

I looked around. Leidig's face sagged.

Horus started forward, his beefy countenance worried. He halted. Discipline held him. Dennis glanced aside for something to hold on to. Chenoweth eyed Leidig in wonderment.

"Execute!"

Leidig made a desperate effort for self-control.

"Right standard rudder! New course—two, six, five!"

DONOHUE repeated and put her over. I was thrown heavily against a window ledge. The ship went down, down on the port side. The bridge tilted crazily. There was a groaning, wrenching, sloughing sound mounted by Donohue's staccato "Twenty—forty—sixty—eighty!"

Out of the corner of my eye I could see the other ships swinging. They looked dangerously near. We had been last in column. Now we were first.

"Meet her, Donohue! Meet her!"

"Rudder jammed, sir! Can't straighten her!"

Gathering momentum, the ship heeled over another five degrees. A propeller screamed. Leidig opened his lips to speak. No sound came. I heard myself gasp, "Orders!" We all were frozen in a horrid mold of indecision.

Why didn't Horus speak? Leidig was lost. Was Horus going to let us crash one of the other ships? Why didn't he take command?

Dennis's voice rang out:

"Hoist the breakdown flag! Stop engines! Sound the siren!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

We had turned more than half a circle. The Willoughby had straightened. She came diving toward us, her prow glistening like an executioner's ax.

Our siren shrieked protest. She veered sharply and tore past our stern, her wake pounding over our starboard rail. She was out of danger. But would we continue, swinging into collision with the Bradshaw?

How did Leidig meet this new danger? What happened to the officers and men on board the Spearman as they faced disaster? Was the new-found love of Aithra and Joel to bring them happiness? In next week's installment of this powerful novel, Joel learns a secret that affects both of their lives in a strange way.

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AND CONDITIONING
IRRITATED SKINS

Harry Westerby

TRAINER, NEW YORK RANGERS
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For the perfect finish to the perfect shave, use Palmolive After-Shave Lotion and Palmolive After-Shave Talc.



LURING, LAUGHABLE, LYRIC

By BEVERLY
HILLS

Anna Sten, Russian-Born, Acts a French Role
in English; New Pictures for Claudette Colbert
and Messrs. Boles, Wheeler, and Woolsey

(Reading time: 7 minutes 36 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ NANA

THE PLAYERS: Anna Sten, Lionel Atwill, Richard Bennett, Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, Reginald Owen, Muriel Kirkland, Lawrence Grant, Jessie Ralph, and others. Directed by Dorothy Arzner.

JUST what gave Samuel Goldwyn the idea that in Nana—a novel about a Parisian demimondaine's unhappy love life just before the Franco-Prussian War—Emile Zola had furnished United Artists with the prize scenario of 1934 is a little hard to guess, but he seems to have been thoroughly convinced. He imported Anna Sten from Germany and paid her a high salary for a year and a half while she learned to speak English. He saw to it that she wore American sport clothes and ate shredded wheat instead of borsch for breakfast, presumably so that a Russian-born German movie star's impersonation of a French gutter lily would have the proper indigenous note.

When Anna Sten had acquired enough English to be intelligible the picture was made—not once but twice. Counting practice throws and the advertising campaigns, the finished product represents an investment of \$1,000,000. It is embarrassing under these circumstances not to be able to congratulate every one concerned, but the impression of this department is that with all the pains that have been taken with it Nana is something of a bore.

The story of a gutter lily who comes to a tragic end because she has a good disposition as well as a warm

heart has been done so many times that the original—supposing for the sake of argument that Nana is the original—now seems a little faded. Most of its personnel appear also to have been around long enough to be ready for the minor leagues. There is, for example, the rheumatically romantic theater manager (Richard Bennett) who turns Nana into a torch singer and makes her his mistress; the dashing young lieutenant (Phillips Holmes) with whom she falls in love; and his morose



Herbert Marshall and Claudette Colbert in *Four Frightened People*, a romance of the Malay jungle.



The new Russian star, Anna Sten, and Lionel Atwill in a scene from the Parisian-flavored film *Nana*.

older brother (Lionel Atwill) who breaks up the romance and then against the dictates of his conscience begins pawing Nana for himself.

When a picture costs \$1,000,000 you know that it is going to carry a terrific dead weight of authentic atmosphere, but in Nana not only the furnishings but most of the situations came from the museum.

The first thing Lionel Atwill does when he sees Anna Sten is to call her a "gilded fly." Then he puts a large wad of stage money on her bedspread as recompense for giving up Holmes, and seems surprised when she gives it back to him as arrogantly as possible.

That, despite all its faults, the picture does at intervals achieve the sweep and veracity of the novel from which it was derived is due to Dorothy Arzner's direction, the fine acting of a high-powered cast, and the presence of a leading lady who, despite all the nonsense that has been written about her, may eventually qualify as a star at the box office as well as one on paper. It is unfortunate that Anna Sten's accent is so much like Gregory Ratoff's, but she chose a queer spot to learn English in the first place. A few sequences in Nana give her a chance to dem-

onstrate the charm she had in *The Brothers Karamazov*—when she comes off the stage after her first night, pretending not to be surprised at the applause; again when she walks gayly into the back-stage office where Richard Bennett is waiting to tell her that he knows she is in love with some one else.

★★★ FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE

THE PLAYERS: Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, William Gargan, Leo Carillo, Neila Walker, and others. Directed by Cecil B. De Mille.

This picture takes the familiar comedy character of a heroine whose beauty has somehow remained unnoticed by her friends because she sometimes wears a pair of glasses, and places her in a jungle setting where she fits much better than you might expect.

The chief fault to be found with *Four Frightened People* is that it is a little difficult to believe that a group of otherwise right-thinking people would let a pair of horn-rimmed cheaters confuse them for two full reels



Dorothy Peterson, Lester Lee, and Albert Conti in Beloved, melodrama based on a musician's life.

as to the quality of Claudette Colbert's personal attractions. If you can accept this premise you are likely to enjoy the picture.

Briefly, it concerns a birth-control propagandist (Mary Boland), a shy young chemist (Herbert Marshall), a noisy newspaper reporter (William Gargan), and a Chicago school-teacher (Claudette Colbert) who find themselves shuffling through a Malay jungle to escape a plague-ridden tourist boat. Until the day that Miss Colbert takes a shower in a waterfall, thereby precipitating a perambulating heat wave, what happens to the party is pure farce. When her charm ceases to be the audience's secret and becomes apparent to the other members of the caravan, *Four Frightened People* becomes more earnest and more ordinary, but it is still very pleasant swamp-land romance.

While we are on the subject of a Malay picture, there is a point to be made about the squeaking that seems to go on in all of them. Doubtless this is the voice of some tropical bird or monkey peculiar to the jungle, but inasmuch as no one ever sees what causes it, and since to civilized people it suggests nothing but the morning call of an old-fashioned steam radiator, it might be as well hereafter to omit it.

★★½ BELOVED

THE PLAYERS: John Boles, Gloria Stuart, Albert Conti, Dorothy Peterson, Morgan Farley, Ruth Hall, Oscar Apfel, Mae Busch, Bobbe Arnst, and others. Directed by Victor Schertzinger.

At the age of ten, Carl Hausmann (John Boles) is a Viennese violin prodigy. At twenty, he is teaching music in Charleston, South Carolina, and trying to persuade the parents of Lucy Tarrant (Gloria Stuart) that he would make her a good husband. The rest of the picture indicates that their doubts on this point were fairly well founded. Carl Hausmann is a good man and a talented musician, but, like most of the personages whose



Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in Hips, Hips, Hooray, one of their typical comedy pictures.

lives make material for biographical movies, he has more downs than ups. By the time he is an old man, still creakily trying to get some one to play his symphony which publishers think is a steal from jazz songs written by his grandson, he has hardly enough energy left to enjoy the one triumphant moment of his life which finally arrives.

Beloved is based on the generally sound formula that any human life viewed from start to finish makes a good story. It suffers from episodic treatment and a gait almost as infirm as that of *John Boles* in the last reels, but it contains enough honesty and emotion to make it worth seeing. Typical shot: Boles pounding out tunes in a Bowery saloon to pay for the birth of his son, who turns out to be a no-good.

★★ HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY

THE PLAYERS: Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Ruth Etting, Thelma Todd, Dorothy Lee, George Meeker, James Burtis, Matt Briggs. Directed by Mark Sandrich.

Hips, Hips, Hooray, decorated with a few pretty girls and one good song (*Keep on Doin' What You're Doin'*), is a cut or possibly two cuts above the average Wheeler and Woolsey epic. It shows them as salesmen for a flavored lipstick company engaged in romantic and business relations with the proprietors of a firm of beauty products distributors—Thelma Todd and Dorothy Lee.

No one who is familiar with the way in which Wheeler and Woolsey customarily conduct their affairs will be surprised to learn that this association leads to a scene in which they win an automobile race by sliding down the side of a Rocky Mountain on skis. The only surprising thing about *Hips, Hips, Hooray* is that, unlike the majority of gag comedies now being manufactured, it does not have all the earmarks of a two-reeler which has just come off the stretching blocks.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—*Little Women*, *The Bowery*, *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, *Bitter Sweet*, *The Power and the Glory*, *Berkeley Square*, F. P. 1.

★★★—*Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen*, *Massacre*, *Moulin Rouge*, *Hi, Nellie*, *Fashions of 1934*, *Lady Killer*, *Man of Two Worlds*, *Queen Christina*, *Alice in Wonderland*, *Flying Down to Rio*, *The Women in His Life*, *Gallant Lady*, *Roman Scandals*, *Counsellor-at-Law*, *Dancing Lady*, *Es-kimo*, *Design for Living*, *The Invisible Man*, *Only Yesterday*, *The Prizefighter and the Lady*, *Duck Soup*, *Cradle Song*, *Man's Castle*, *College Coach*, *Blonde Bombshell*, *The Way to Love*, *I'm No Angel*, *Take a Chance*, *Tillie and Gus*, *Ann Vickers*, *Footlight Parade*, *The Solitaire Man*, *S O S Iceberg*, *Wild Boys of the Road*, *The Emperor Jones*, *Too Much Harmony*, *My Weakness*, *I Loved a Woman*, *Torch Singer*, *Bureau of Missing Persons*, *Turn Back the Clock*, *One Man's Journey*, *Night Flight*, *Broadway to Hollywood*, *Paddy the Next Best Thing*, *Morning Glory*.

Sleep



"THEY SLICE THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A GRACEFUL DIVER"

Pictured is the world renowned Miss Georgia Coleman, attractive Olympic Diving Champion. Writing from the swank Miami Biltmore Hotel at Coral Gables, Miss Coleman says, "The new skyway style Studebakers are the talk of the Florida smart spots—and what a thrill to drive. They slice through the air like a graceful diver."



THIS DETROIT BUSINESS HEAD LIKES THEIR ECONOMY

"You can't imagine how pleased I am with my new Dictator," states William A. Maher, general manager of Detroit's Precision Products Company. "It gave me 18 miles to the gallon in the first 500 miles—and that average is constantly increasing. You're actually building and delivering a better automobile than you're claiming."



SPEEDWAY STAMINA . . . CRASH-PROOF BODIES

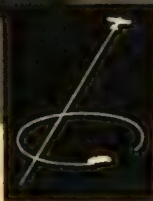
The chassis stamina that gave Studebaker powered cars 7 of the first 12 places in the last Indianapolis Speedway race is matched by the new Studebaker bodies of steel reinforced by steel. Even two test drops from a 104-foot cliff recently failed to do serious harm to a new skyway style Studebaker. Every door opened and closed perfectly—car was started and driven away under its own power.

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These skyway style Studebakers are the finest cars Studebaker has ever built. They're priced \$200 to \$700 less than their brilliant predecessors. They're built like battleships—of steel reinforced by steel. They're upholstered and fitted like the costliest of cars—and offer you uncanny "mechanical brains" that make driving almost entirely automatic.

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The Greatest Psychic Chuckle of the Age

(Reading time:
18 minutes 20 seconds.)

W E Americans will believe anything. The credulity of our people is a never-ending wonder and pity. The pious Japanese buy little pieces of paper of different colors, make spitballs of them, and throw the moist pellets at their idols in the serene belief that the papers are magic prayers, sure to be answered if the spitballs stick. We superior creatures over here laugh at the little yellow man's credulity—and then we go right out and buy colored pieces of paper of our own. Instead of rolling them into spitballs we put ours in iron boxes, believing they will some day make us rich. We call pretty papers "stock certificates"—but they are really prayers, too.

We Americans believed the brokers, and we believed the promises of foreign governments to pay their war debts, the tales of the Hollywood press agents, and the labels on speakeasy gin. But the pinnacle of our credulity was reached with our belief in "Margery," for Margery is a spirit medium who said she got thumbprints from the spiritland. Imagine believing such a thing!

Yet educated men, professionals, even a few claiming to be scientists, believed in Margery. So did lawyers and hard-boiled journalists.

And now, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-four, the supposedly scientific organization known as the American Society for Psychical Research has published, as Vol. XXII of its Proceedings, a 228-page volume called *The Margery Mediumship*, by Brackett K. Thorogood. In this imposing tome the belief of the society in the genuineness of these spirit thumbprints is reaffirmed. Furthermore, in the January bulletin of the society, the president, William H. Button, declares: "The evidence . . . was such that it should have convinced any competent investigator that the phenomena were supernatural."

Thus, nonsensical as it may sound, here is an official declaration in behalf not only of Margery's ghosts, but of ghosts that can leave their fingerprints behind them!

For the last ten years this wife of an instructor in the Harvard Medical School has been a thorn in the side of

The Surprising and Hitherto Misunderstood Facts in the Case of the Famous and Widely Accepted "Margery Thumbprints from Spiritland"

orthodox science. Time and time again the front-page headlines of great newspapers reported the weird stories. It was said that visitors to her séances talked face to face and voice to voice

with the dead. Investigators surrounded her with safeguards and still reported no trickery. True, there was an undercurrent of dissent. Houdini called her a fraud, but Margery called him one too, and predicted a bad end for the escape king. "Houdini will die soon!" That was the fall of 1924, and on October 31, 1926, Houdini died. Margery's séances went on even more successfully. Her fame passed around the earth. Cried the true believers: "Here, in the person of this lovely lady, this wife of a skillful and locally prominent Massachusetts surgeon, is the answer to all the crass materialism; here is proof of the human soul, of the survival of personality after death."

Now, these are strong words. If Margery were a mere painted Coney Island faker, no one would get excited.

But Margery is indorsed by two purported scientific societies and taken very seriously by very important people. That is why this article is written.

I first heard of Margery nearly ten years ago. Having spent a part of my lifetime in the study of occult occurrences of all kinds, I was deeply interested in the reports. It was in May, 1923, that students were first told of the wonderful work of "Margery," whose real name was Mrs. L. R. G. Crandon, the wife of a Boston surgeon. It was said that Margery produced "ectoplasm" in great quantities; that during the séances extra arms and legs, formed of ghostlike material, emerged from her body to ring bells, overturn tables, and produce phosphorescent lights. The old European Poltergeist phenomena were said to invade any house where Margery dwelt.

Soon afterward a prize offer was announced by the Scientific American for any genuine demonstrations of what are called "psychic phenomena." The most interesting case studied by the distinguished committee act-

B Y S A M R I



ing for the magazine was Margery. In fact, many believed Margery would collect the substantial cash prize. But something went wrong. Several of the committee members became suspicious. One of the most vociferous objectors was Houdini. But the medium's supporters had their story to tell. They said Houdini dropped tools of his own into the medium's cabinet in order to "frame" her. Houdini published a pamphlet as an exposé, but it failed to cover all the feats performed by Margery. Other members expressed their opinions, including that benevolent but stalwart critic and skeptic, Walter Franklin Prince. She remained as an enigma, the most unexplained lady alive. But she did not collect the money!

"But how does she impress all these intelligent men?" I asked Houdini.

"She vamps them!" was his reply. "She even made goo-goo eyes at me. She has some of those unworldly gents so excited, each thinking he is the only one, they don't know whether they are standing up or sitting down."

Incidentally, Margery called one of the less impressionable members of the committee a wooden man.

Almost from the start of her public career Margery declared that all her work was accomplished by her dead brother Walter, whose spirit was supposed to enter her body. Walter, whose voice whispered and hissed in the dark of the séances, was a domineering fellow who knew how to insult any overinquisitive investigator.

So there was the team: Margery the medium and Walter the spirit control. The tale of their strange doings echoed through the laboratories of great universities. Two committees from Harvard conducted investigations, and a third from Johns Hopkins. Investigators came from England and the Continent. It is true that no indorsement came from any of these sources. But every week, every month, some new marvel was reported. By 1926, when Houdini died, his enemy Margery was nearing the crest of her extraordinary reputation. It was in that year that the mystical thumbprints began to appear.

It was also in that year that a downward trend in an

ancient and honorable institution devoted to the investigation of psychic research reached a sharper slope. I refer to the American Society for Psychical Research, with headquarters in New York. This society was founded by Professor J. H. Hyslop. It had many members scattered throughout the United States who paid annual dues. Its work was to investigate every kind of unexplained experience that seemed occult and supernatural.

For some years its principal research officer was Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, a hard-headed, incorruptible, and competent man. But already, in 1925, Dr. Prince had resigned to head the new Boston Society for Psychic Research, organized that scientific psychic research might be continued in America. And now the new thumbprint wonder was accentuating the aspect of change in Hyslop House, the headquarters of the American Society. In a few months the Bulletin looked less like a scientific report and more like a popular mystery magazine. A vast amount of its space was devoted to sensational accounts of Margery's performances and photographs of her miracles. Many of these photographs were of her thumbprints from the dead. Dr. Crandon, her husband, is reported to have exclaimed, on beholding the first of them, "This is the greatest event since the resurrection of Jesus!"

TO the average person the very thought of thumbprints made by spirits of the dead must seem absurd. Yet upward of 180 have been obtained, nearly all of which were claimed by Walter as his own. As there were no thumbprints left by him in life, except one incomplete and valueless one on a razor blade, this claim was accepted.

These imprints had been left in soft wax during séances. They had all the characteristic lines noted on a human thumb, but the thumb did not belong to Margery, nor to any other person in the room. This was demonstrated by careful comparison. Then whose thumb was it? The spirit voice of Walter, squeaking in the dark, declared it was his—this brother Walter, killed in an accident years before. He said that in the dark of the séances he pressed his thumb into the wax and left imprints.

Preposterous? Yes. But it was difficult to explain

F R I K E L L



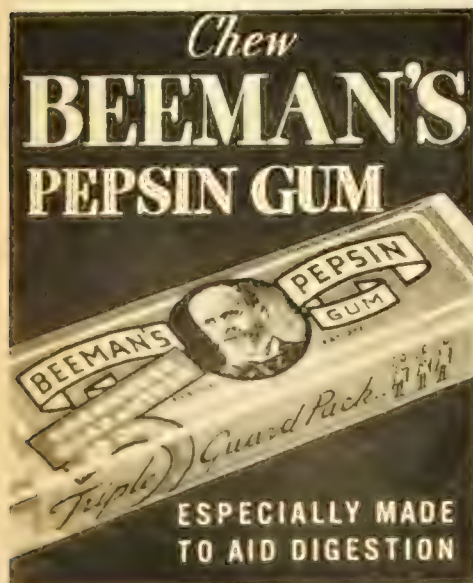
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VIGOROUS!... ROBUST!... JUBILANT! All outdoors can't hold you when digestion is good, when jabs and stabs and twinges aren't cutting down your spirit and efficiency.

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not produced under the most rigid test conditions? The medium was often securely fastened to her chair by means of sticky surgeon's tape, and the tape was marked so that if she escaped, the telltale evidence would be there when the lights were turned on. Frequently her hands were held and so were her feet. Other elaborate precautions were taken. Yet all kinds of curious prints were obtained under these conditions. Some of them were of a thumb and some of other fingers. Fingerprint experts were called in and could offer no explanation. The wax was a dental wax such as is used to make impressions of teeth. This was an ideal substance, because it becomes soft and pliable when placed in warm water and hard again when placed in cold water.

At the séances the sitters brought with them tablets of this wax, known in dental circles as "kerr." These tablets they had personally initialed and marked. The medium having been bound and a tablet dropped in a pan of warm water, the lights were turned out and the séance began. Margery was in trance. In the darkness weird sounds were heard. It was said that the wax was being lifted out of the hot water by the spirit Walter, that he placed his thumb on the marked tablet and then dropped the wax in the cold water. And sure enough, when the lights were again turned up, the initialed and marked wax tablet was in the pan of cold water and bore a thumbprint.

As month followed month and the stories of these signs and wonders found their way into the newspapers, new phenomena were observed. Something new was always happening. It was as if some one who managed the show were saying, "Well—what will we give them next?"

AMONG the things given to keep the interest at a hot glow were the famous fingerprints of Judge Hill and Sir Oliver Lodge. Judge Charles Stanton Hill was one of the regular sitters with Margery; he was not really a judge but was one of those good-natured lawyers who find their friends calling them "Judge" for no good reason. It happened that Judge Hill became incurably ill. He knew he would soon die—probably the first of the Margery group to reach the other side. With an eye to joining Walter in séances after his death, Judge Hill took some interesting precautions. He made impressions in wax of his fingers and thumbs. This was done to establish his own post-mortem identity. If possible, he meant to return after death and make

time after Judge Hill died, impressions were obtained identical with his prints made in life.

Can I explain this? I believe I can, and also the even more celebrated Oliver Lodge prints. In one of Margery's séances Walter reproduced the impression of the great British scientist's fingerprints. Scotland Yard experts testified to their authenticity. But here appears a new kind of puzzle.

Sir Oliver Lodge is still alive. Of course he was in England at the time, and totally unaware of the curious experiment. But, confirmed believer in spirit communication that he is, where is his indorsement of it?



Margery the medium—
Mrs. L. R. G. Crandon.

HAVING studied such phenomena for many years, I was eager to see the work of this sorceress. But that was not to be. Diligently I have tried to attend these séances, but repeatedly, at the last moment, have met with refusal. Some of Margery's friends

have tried to intercede for me. But her attitude was adamant. I was told that I had the reputation of being a ghost baiter. It was true that I had convicted in court two notorious swindlers who were posing in New York as ministers of the gospel and crying up visible specters of the dead at three dollars per. I had exposed this pair and others equally notorious—but my activities should have earned the benedictions of any genuine medium. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote me: "You have done a great service in the cause of truth." If Doyle approved of me, what had Margery to fear?

Whatever her reason, she would not permit me to see her.

I therefore resolved to examine her work without seeing her. And this, I am able to say, I have done with the help of powerful friends of psychic research who feel they must remain in the background.

As early as 1926 I had begun to suspect that the new forces of control of the American Society for Psychical Research were, to say the least, convinced by Margery. Rumors had reached me that a report by its research agent, a report inimical to Margery's claims, had been received with rage. Meanwhile the funds collected from the membership were being spent to print highly colored sensational accounts of her. The officers went on glorifying her at the cost of the members. Let me say here that I do not accuse them of conscious fraud. I do say they have the will to believe. I do say they have come under the spell of a beautiful and magnetic woman. I do believe that acting in a judicial capacity they have yielded their critical judgment.



Dies or stamps molded as an experiment from thumbprints in kerr. These stamps give artificial prints that are indistinguishable from those of the real thumb that impressed the kerr.

In deciding to investigate Margery in spite of my exclusion, I fixed on the thumbprints as being the most important of her phenomena, and the most vulnerable. One of the most famous investigators of such things, a man of world-wide reputation, said to me, "Go ahead—and God bless your efforts. I have never had any belief in Margery whatever. The time will come when those thumbprints will be regarded as the greatest joke of the age. But to prove it to the satisfaction of the public—that will be hard!"

Yet it was not hard. The evidence came into my hands without any real effort on my part. It was not I who made the exposure, but a devoted band of men and women in the ranks of the society itself. In desperation members came to me, entreating me to tell the public the story.

How, then, has the lovely Margery been discountenanced?

By a very simple process. The wax prints obtained at the séances have been proved to be those of a living man.

The impressions, far from being ghostly, came from the fingers and thumbs of Margery's own innocent and trusting dentist! And what a victim he was made!

The whole affair had been executed as if with a brazen contempt for the

intelligence of those supposed to be checking up on Margery. They were so thrilled that they did not suspect it was simple parlor magic.

The one man who did go serenely ahead, unbeguiled, easily found the essential clue. That man was E. E. Dudley, one of the routine investigators of the society. The friends of Margery considered him a harmless hard-working chap. But when he turned up evidence that seemed to destroy the Margery miracles,

they tried to hush him up. They refused to publish Dudley's findings. Then it was that Dudley went to other members of the society, and it wasn't long afterward that I had the facts in my possession.

FROM the beginning it had been suggested by certain skeptical members of the Society for Psychical Research that perhaps some sort of die or stamp made the ghost impressions. This die could be small, easily concealed, and quickly used. But Margery and her defenders cried, "Impossible!" They argued that no such stamp had ever been made or ever could be. In the second place, it was argued that under a microscope the difference between the impression made by such a die and an actual fingerprint could readily be detected by an expert. And in the third place, it was said that variations were found from time to time which would be consistent with the idea that a living thumb had been employed to impress the wax, but not with the theory that an inflexible stamp had been used. A fingerprint expert was called into the discussion and so testified.

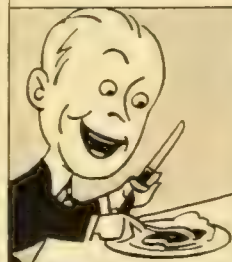
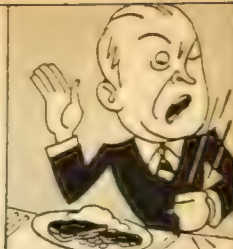
Now, all three of these assumptions are false. Such dies can be made and have been made. They can be so

cleverly manufactured that it is impossible to tell the difference between the impression made by a living thumb and one made by such a stamp. One of the accompanying illustrations shows two of these dies, made experimentally. As to the slight differences which were shown to exist between the various prints alleged to be Walter's, most of these can easily be explained by assuming that slight variations of pressure, angle, etc., were employed on different occasions. The impressions made by living fingers and



Left, a thumbprint claimed by "Walter, the spirit control," in kerr. Right, an authenticated thumbprint of the dentist, Dr. Blank, in ink. They are enlarged to make comparison easier. The numbers point out evidences of identity.

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those made by artificial dies are substantially the same.

The alleged Walter thumbprints were undoubtedly obtained by some such means. Concealing and utilizing such dies would be a relatively easy matter for a shrewd and resourceful medium, under even test conditions, as any magician can testify. Saying that these fingerprints are normal does not depend upon the production of such evidence—it resides in the actual identity of the prints.

It was Dudley who established that identity. His job was to write an account of the case for the society, later to be published. He meant his report to be full and fair. Accordingly he proceeded to collect impressions of the fingerprints of every one he could find who at any time had obtained sittings with Margery. Dozens of these impressions he had collected and compared with the prints obtained at the séances. But not one resemblance was found. Still himself believing implicitly in the genuineness of the case, he went on.

One day he presented himself at a house in a fashionable part of old Boston—Commonwealth Avenue—and rapped on the office door of a man we will call Dr. Frederick J. Blank, dental surgeon. This was Margery's dentist. He had sat with Margery more than seventy times in 1923-24, but never since the thumbprints began to appear. When Dudley asked for impressions of Dr. Blank's fingers and thumbs, he willingly complied. What had he to fear? He had heard a great deal about the fingerprints which Margery obtained. More, he had a personal interest. Back in the days when he sat with her, he had given her that same dental wax called kerr. Later he had shown her how to make the prints and had given her an impression of his own thumbs as an example.

DUDLEY thanked Dr. Blank and went off with his prints. Not for a minute did he dream that he carried dynamite. In a routine way he set about having the impressions compared. And he gasped.

The prints of the spirit Walter and the dentist were the same!

At once Dudley took extreme pains to verify the identity of the right and left thumbprints. He visited several fingerprint experts in Boston, who pronounced them identical. Later, another member of the society took a set of enlarged photographs to the fingerprint experts of the New York Police Department, and they also declared that they were all made by the same thumbs. They even declared that a more exhaustive examination would reveal many additional points of identity not indexed on the originals. They certified to all this in a written statement.

The accompanying illustrations will enable even the nontechnical reader to make one of these identifications himself. He must bear in mind, however, that the ink markings in the one print correspond with the depressions

in the wax in the other. This is precisely what we should expect to happen if the same thumb had been employed to make both impressions.

In the opinion of leading fingerprint experts of police departments in Boston and New York, the Walter prints were absolutely identical with the prints made by Dr. Blank.

As soon as Dudley had obtained his photographs and made the complete identifications, he communicated the facts to Margery and also to Mr. William H. Button, the president of the American Society for Psychical Research, and to Mr. Daniel Day Walton, the vice president.

NO announcement of the discovery was made. Perhaps they were too ashamed. The other officers and workers in the society were not notified. Sincere members of the society properly expected instant action.

Here was proof positive that these thumbprints, which for more than six years Walter had been claiming, in reality belonged instead to a man very much alive—and the very man who had showed Margery how to make the prints, supplied her with the wax, and given her impressions of his own thumbs!

Still nothing was done.

But now at last the society makes its official reply. What explanation is offered for the fact that these thumbprints are identical with those of Dr. Blank? Well, first of all, this new volume raises the question of Mr. Dudley's good faith. Also it raises an issue of veracity. Further, it is maintained that in spite of the findings of the police experts, the prints of Walter and Dr. Blank are not identical. Having declared flatly: "We believe that the alleged identity has been disproved," the report then goes on to make this astonishing statement: "Whatever conclusion one may come to on the issue of identity, however, there will remain the problem of how the prints are obtained. The evidence bearing on that problem we believe rules out normal action, fraud, and trickery as the explanation." In other words, the thumbprints are not identical, but even if they are, how is the trick done? Never having been allowed to see Margery perform, I cannot answer the question, but I herewith state my belief that, given this opportunity, I could discover how they are obtained.

Finally, it appears that I was responsible for the investigation which resulted in this wordy report. Quoting again: "Investigations conducted in the meantime revealed that negotiations were under way for publication of the story as a sensational exposé in a popular weekly magazine of wide circulation. It was then decided that . . . a full and adequate examination of all the facts was imperative. . . . The story was ultimately rejected by the popular magazine."

At least in this last respect the society was badly mistaken!

THE END

Here Comes the Climax! What New
Surprise Is Perry Mason Planning?

*"Chief," Della Street
said, "I doubted you
once. I want you to
know I never will again."*

*The
Case
of the*
Howling Dog

(Reading time: 28 min. 33 sec.)

PERRY MASON, attorney, is retained by Arthur Cartright to draw up a will and to compel his neighbor, Clinton Foley, to stop his dog's howling.

The next day Della Street, Mason's secretary, hands him an envelope which has come by mail, containing a will written by Cartright leaving his estate to Mrs. Clinton Foley, with one tenth to Mason provided he pro-

pects Mrs. Foley's interests. In answer to a complaint about the dog, Foley says that Cartright is crazy. Perry Mason and a deputy sheriff go to Foley's house to investigate. They meet Thelma Benton, Foley's housekeeper, and Ah Wong, the Chinese cook. It develops that Mrs. Foley has eloped with Cartright, leaving a note of explanation.

Mason employs Paul Drake, a detective, who finds that Mrs.



BY ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Foley is really Mrs. Paula Cartright and that Foley's real name is Clinton Forbes. Perry Mason goes to the Foley house to talk to the owner, but finds him shot to death on the library floor, with a police dog, also shot, lying near him.

Paul Drake locates the real Mrs. Forbes, registered at a hotel under the name of Dangerfield. She had driven out to the Foley house just before the murder and had dropped her handkerchief on the floor of the cab.

Mason goes to Mrs. Forbes and as her attorney forbids her to talk to any one. He sends a woman, Mae Sibley, to impersonate Mrs. Forbes and get the handkerchief from the taxi driver. The police identify the gun with which Forbes was killed as having been bought by Mrs. Forbes two years before. She is arrested and charged with the murder. The trial opens and Mason is able, by calling on Mae Sibley, to completely discredit the taxi driver's identification of Mrs. Forbes as the woman he had driven to the Foley house on the night of the murder.

That evening Perry Mason has Della Street type a confession of the murder of Paula Cartright. He forges the name of Arthur Cartright at the bottom of this document and then sends it to the city editor of the Chronicle. The confession contains the information that Mrs. Cartright's body is buried under the floor of the addition to the Foley garage.

PART NINE—ON THIN ICE

THEN why not go to the authorities and ask them to dig up the garage floor?" asked Della Street.

Perry Mason laughed sarcastically.

"A fat chance that they'd do anything," he said. "They hate my guts. They are trying to get Bessie Forbes convicted. They wouldn't do anything that would weaken their case in front of a jury. Their theory is that she's guilty and that's all there is to it. They won't listen to anything else, and if I asked them to do anything they'd think that I was trying to slip over a fast one."

"What will happen when you send this to the Chronicle?"

"It's a cinch," he said, "they'll smash up that floor."

"How will they do it?" she asked.

"They'll just do it, that's all."

"Will they get permission from anybody?"

"Don't be silly," he told her. "Forbes bought the place and owns it. He's dead. Bessie Forbes is his wife. If she's acquitted of this murder she'll inherit his property."

"If she isn't?" asked Della Street.

"She's going to be," he told her grimly.

"What makes you think there's a body under there?"

"Listen," he told her. "Let's look at this thing from a reasonable standpoint and quit being stampeded by a lot of facts that don't mean anything. You remember when Arthur Cartright first came to us?"

"Yes, of course."

"You remember what he said? He wanted a will made. He wanted a will made so that the property would be taken by the woman who was then living as the wife of Clinton Foley in the house on Milpas Drive."

"Yes."

"All right. Then he made a will and sent it to me, and the will didn't read that way."

"Why didn't it?" she asked.

"Because," he said, "he knew that there was no use leaving his property to a woman who was already dead. In some way he'd found out that she was dead."

"Then he didn't murder her?"

"I'm not saying that; but I don't think he did."

"But isn't it a crime to forge a confession of this sort?"

"Under certain circumstances it may be," Mason said.

"I can't see under what circumstances it wouldn't be."

"We'll cross that bridge when we come to it."

"And you think that Arthur Cartright knew that his wife was dead?"

"Yes. He'd been devoted to her. He'd been searching for her for ten months. He'd been living next door to her for two months, spying on the man he hated and trying to find out if his wife was happy. He made up his mind he was going to kill Clinton Forbes. He felt that he would be executed for that murder. He wanted his property to go to his wife—not to Forbes's wife, but to



Paula Cartright. But he didn't dare to make his will in favor of Paula Cartright before he had committed the murder, because he thought that would bring about an investigation. So he made his will—or wanted to make his will—so that it would transfer the property to the woman, under the name of Evelyn Foley.

"You can see what he had in mind. He wanted to hush up any scandal. He intended to kill Foley and to plead guilty to murder and be executed. He wanted his will made so that his property would go to the woman who was apparently the widow of the man he had murdered, and he wanted to do it in such a way that her real identity would never be known."

SHE stood perfectly still, her eyes staring down.

"Yes," she said; "I think I understand."

"And then," said Perry Mason, "something happened, so that Arthur Cartright changed his mind. He knew that there was no use leaving the property to his wife, Paula. He wanted to leave it to some one, because he didn't expect to remain alive. He had undoubtedly been in touch with Bessie Forbes, and knew that she was in the city, so he left the property to her."

"What makes you say he had been in touch with Bessie Forbes?" asked Della Street.

"Because the taxi driver says that Bessie Forbes told him to telephone Parkcrest 62945, which was Cartright's number, and tell Arthur to go next door to Clint's place. That shows that she knew where Cartright was, and that Cartright knew that she knew."

"I see," said Della Street, and was silent for several seconds. Then, "Are you certain," she asked, "that Mrs. Cartright didn't run away with Arthur Cartright and leave Clinton Forbes, just as she had left Cartright in Santa Barbara?"

"Yes," he said; "I'm virtually certain."

"What makes you so certain?"

Claude Drumm made an elaborately polite gesture. "You can cross-examine this witness for a year, if you like," he said.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FRANK GODWIN

"The note," he said, "that was left wasn't in the handwriting of Paula Cartright."

"You're certain about that?"

"Virtually," he said. "It's approximately the same handwriting as that which appeared on the telegraph blank that was sent from Midwick. I've had samples of Mrs. Cartright's handwriting sent from Santa Barbara, and the two don't check."

"Does the district attorney's office know that?" she asked.

"I don't think so."

DELLA STREET stared at Perry Mason thoughtfully.

"Was it Thelma Benton's handwriting?" she asked.

"I've had several specimens of Thelma Benton's handwriting, and those specimens seem entirely different from the handwriting of the note and the telegraph blank."

"Mrs. Forbes?" she asked.

"No, it isn't her handwriting. I had Mrs. Forbes write me a letter from the jail."

"There's an editorial in the Chronicle," she said. "Did you see it?"

"No," he said. "What is it?"

"It states that, in view of the dramatic surprise that impeaches the testimony of the taxicab driver, it is your solemn duty to put your client on the stand and let her explain her connection with the case. The editor says that this air of mystery is all right for a hardened criminal who is being tried for a crime of which every one knows he is guilty, and who desires to assert his constitutional rights, but not for a woman like Mrs. Forbes."

"I didn't see the editorial," said Perry Mason, smiling at her.

"Will it make any difference in your plans?"

"Certainly not," he told her. "I'm trying this case.

I'm exercising my judgment for the best interests of my client, not the judgment of some newspaper editor."

"All of the evening papers," she said, "comment upon the consummate skill with which you manipulated things so that the dénouement came as a dramatic finale to the day's trial, and managed to impeach the testimony of the taxi driver before the prosecution had even built up its case."

"It wasn't any particular skill on my part," Perry Mason said. "Claude Drumm walked into it. He started to strong-arm my witness. I wouldn't stand for it. I grabbed her and took her into the judge's chambers to make a protest. I knew that Drumm was going to claim I'd been guilty of unprofessional conduct, and I wanted to have it out with him right then and there."

"What did Judge Markham think?" she asked.

"I don't know," he told her, "and I don't give a damn. I know what my

rights are and I stood on them. I'm fighting to protect a client, as any lawyer would."

Abruptly she came to him, put her hand on his shoulder.

"Chief," Della Street said, "I doubted you once. I want you to know I never will again. I'm for you, right or wrong."

He smiled, patted her on the shoulder.

"All right," he said. "Take a taxi and go home. If anybody should want me, you don't know where to find me."

She nodded and walked to the door.

Perry Mason waited until she had gone down in the elevator. Then he put on his overcoat, sealed the letter, switched out the lights, took the portable typewriter and went to his car. He drove to another part of the city, posted the letter in a mail box, and then took a winding road which led to a reservoir in the hills back of the city. He drove along the bank of the reservoir, slowed his car, lifted the portable typewriter and flung it into the reservoir. . . .

Radiators were still hissing comfortably in the building when Perry Mason sat down with Paul Drake.

"Paul," he said, "I want a man who's willing to take a chance."

"I've got lots of them," Drake said. "What do you want?"

"I want this man to call up Thelma Benton, say that he's a reporter on the Chronicle, that the city editor has given an O. K. to pay ten thousand dollars for exclusive rights to publish her diary if it's as represented."

"I want him to make an appointment to meet Thelma Benton where he can inspect the diary. She may, or may not, have some one with her. I doubt if she'll surrender the diary for inspection. But she'll let him look at it."

"I want that man to turn to the date that's marked October 18, and tear a leaf from the book."

"What's on that leaf that you want?" asked the detective.

"I don't know."

"She'll make a holler."

"Naturally."

"What can they do to the man who does that?"

"Not very much," Perry Mason said. "They may try to throw a scare into him, but that's about all they can do."

"Couldn't she sue for damages if the thing was made public?"

"I'm not going to make it public," he said. "I'm simply going to let her know that I have it."

"Look here," Drake said. "It's none of my business, and you certainly don't need me to tell you how to practice law, but you're skating on pretty thin ice."

"I know I'm skating on thin ice," Perry Mason said morosely, "but there's nothing they can get me for. I claim that I'm within my rights on everything I've done. Newspapers do things twice as bad as that every day in the week and nobody says anything to them."

"You're not a newspaper," Drake pointed out.

"I know I'm not," said Mason. "But I'm a lawyer, and I'm representing a client who is entitled to a fair trial. By God, I'm going to see that she gets it!"

"Does all this spectacular and dramatic stuff constitute your idea of a fair trial?"

"Yes. My idea of a fair trial is to bring out the facts."

"All of the facts, or just the facts that are favorable to your client?"

"Well," said Perry Mason, grinning, "I'm not going to try the case for the district attorney, if that's what you mean. That's up to him."

Paul Drake scraped back his chair.

"You'll defend us if we get into a jam over this?" he asked.

"Certainly," Perry Mason told him. "I wouldn't get you into anything that I wouldn't go into myself."

"All right," Drake told him. "I'm on my way. Is there anything else you want?"

"I think," said Perry Mason slowly, "that will be all for a while."

"God knows, it's enough!" said Paul Drake.

Perry Mason tilted back in his swivel chair and closed his eyes. He remained motionless, save for the tips of his fingers, which drummed gently upon the arms of his chair.

Claude Drumm opened his morning attack, showing only too plainly his resentment at the dramatic defeat of the previous day. His manner was cold, formal, and savage. He went ahead grimly with the gory details of impressing upon the jurors the fact that a murder had been committed.

Witness after witness was called to the stand, examined with short crisp questions; and each witness added his bit to the feeling of horror which permeated the courtroom.

These witnesses were the police officers who had come upon the scene. They described what they had found in the room. They told of the position of the body; of the faithful watchdog who had been ruthlessly shot down while trying to protect his master.

A police photographer produced a complete file of prints showing the house, the rooms, the body lying grim and grotesque on the floor of the sumptuous room. There was even a close-up of the head of the police dog, showing the glassy eyes, the lolling tongue, and the inevitable dark pool which seeped out from the body.

There was the autopsy surgeon, who testified in great technical detail as to the course of the bullets, the distance from which they were fired as evidenced by the powder burns.

FROM time to time Perry Mason ventured some diffident cross-examination—questions asked in a meek tone of voice, designed to bring out some fact which the witness had overlooked, or to explain some statement which the witness had made. There was none of the battle of wits which the spectators had expected to see, none of that flashing brilliance which characterized the dramatic criminal lawyer.

The jurors had taken their places in the morning with cordial nods for Perry Mason, with tolerant glances toward the defendant. By noon they were avoiding the eyes of Perry Mason—were leaning forward to get the gruesome details from the lips of the witnesses.

Frank Everly, the law clerk who looked up routine legal matters for the attorney, had lunch with Perry Mason, and it was evident that Everly labored under

some great emotion. He barely tasted his soup, nibbled at his meat, refused his dessert.

"May I say something, sir?" he asked, when Perry Mason had settled back in his chair to smoke.

Perry Mason regarded him with patient, tolerant eyes.

"Certainly," he said.

"This case is slipping through your fingers."

"Yes?" asked Perry Mason.

"I've heard comments in the courtroom. This morning you could have got the woman off without any difficulty. Now she'll never be able to save herself—not unless she can prove an alibi."

Perry Mason was undisturbed.

"Yes," he said. "That's pretty telling evidence. And the worst blow is going to come this afternoon, right after the trial starts."

"How do you mean?" asked Frank Everly.

"UNLESS I'm badly mistaken," said Perry Mason, "the first witness after lunch will be the man who's been brought here from Santa Barbara, who has the fire-arm register. He'll show the registration of the gun that did the killing; show when it was received, when it was sold, and identify Mrs. Forbes as the one to whom the gun was sold. Then he'll bring the gun register into evidence and show her signature. That fact, coming on top of the morning's evidence, will alienate every bit of sympathy from the defendant."

"But can't you stop it in some way?" asked Everly. Perry Mason smiled.

"You've been to shows where there's been some strong emotional scene—where there's been something that's brought tears to your eyes, a lump to your throat?" Perry Mason asked.

"Yes," said Everly dubiously, "I have; but I can't see what that's got to do with it."

"Try and remember back to the last show you went to that was like that," Perry Mason said.

"Yes; I saw one just a few nights ago," Everly said.

"Now then, can you remember the most dramatic part of the show—the place where the lump in your throat was biggest, where your eyes felt moist?"

"Certainly. I doubt if I'll ever forget it. It was a scene where the woman—"

"Never mind that right now," interrupted Perry Mason. "But let me ask you: what were you doing three minutes after that emotional scene?"

Everly looked at him in surprise.

"Why, sitting right there in the theater, of course."

"No, I don't mean that," Perry Mason said. "What was your emotion?"

"Why," said Everly, "I was just watching the play and—"

Abruptly he smiled.

"Now," said Perry Mason, "I think you're getting my point. What were you doing?"

"I was laughing," said Everly.

"Exactly," Perry Mason said.

Everly watched him in puzzled bewilderment for a few moments.

"But," he said, "I don't see what that's got to do with the jury in this case."

"It has everything to do with it," Perry Mason said. "A jury is an audience. It's a small audience, but it's an audience just the same. Now, the playwrights who are successful with plays have to know human nature. They recognize the fickleness of the mass mind. They know that it's incapable of loyalty; that it's incapable of holding any emotion for any great period of time. If there hadn't been a chance to laugh after that dramatic scene in the play you saw, the play would have been a flop."

"That audience was fickle, just as all audiences are fickle. They had gone through an emotional strain of sympathizing with the heroine in her darkest hour. They felt for her. That feeling was sincere. But they couldn't have held the emotion for more than three minutes to save their lives. It wasn't their trouble; it was the heroine's trouble. Having felt for her deeply and sincerely, they wanted to even the emotional scales by laughing. The wise playwright knew that. He gave them an excuse to laugh."

Everly's eyes lit up. "All right," he said. "Now tell me just how that applies to the jury. I'm commencing to think I see."

"This case," Perry Mason said, "is going to be short, snappy, and dramatic. The policy of the district attorney is to emphasize the horror of a murder case—to emphasize the fact that it's not a battle of wits between counsel, but the bringing to justice of a human fiend who has killed. Ordinarily the defense attorney tries to keep that impression of horror from creeping into the case."

"Well," said Frank Everly, "I should think that would be exactly what you'd want to do in this case."

"No," said Perry Mason slowly. "It always pays to do exactly the opposite of what custom decrees. That is particularly true with Claude Drumm. Claude Drumm is a logical fighter, a dangerous, dogged adversary. But he has no subtlety about him. He has no sense of relative values. He isn't intuitive. He can't 'feel' the mental state of a jury. He's accustomed to put in all of this stuff after a long battle, after the attorney on the other side has done everything possible to soften the horror of the situation."

"I think I begin to see," Frank Everly said.

"Exactly," Perry Mason told him. "The jurors came into court this morning, interested spectators expecting to see a show. Drumm started in showing them horrors. I didn't do anything about it, and Claude Drumm simply went wild on the horror angle. He's had the jurors soaked in horror all the morning. He'll continue to soak them in horror after lunch. Unconsciously the minds of the jurors will seek some relief. They'll want something to laugh at. It's a subconscious effort of the mind to adjust itself. Having experienced too much horror, it wants a bit of laughter as an antidote. It's part of the fickleness of the human mind."

A LOOK of dawning hope came over the young man's face.

"Then you're going to try and stampede the jury this afternoon?" he asked.

"Yes," said Perry Mason. "This afternoon I'm going to bust this case wide open. By not objecting, by not cross-examining, except upon minor points, I am speeding the case up. Claude Drumm, in spite of himself, finds his case moving so rapidly that it's getting out of hand. The horror sensation that he had expected to be doled out at varying intervals, over a period of three or four days, has all been dumped into the lap of the jury in two hours. It's too much horror for the jury to stand.

"Claude Drumm expected to fight his way doggedly toward a goal. Instead of that, he finds that there's no resistance whatever. He's galloping down the field with such unexpected speed that his formation can't keep up. He's busting his own case wide open."

"And you're going to do something this afternoon?" asked Frank Everly. "You're going to try something of your own?"

"This afternoon," said Perry Mason, his face set in firm lines, his eyes staring fixedly ahead, "I'm going to try and get a verdict of not guilty."

He pinched out the cigarette, scraped back his chair.

"Come on, young man," he said. "Let's go."

TRUE to Perry Mason's predictions, Claude Drumm introduced the clerk at the sporting-goods store who had been brought from Santa Barbara. The clerk identified the murder weapon as one that had been sold to the defendant on the twenty-ninth day of September of the preceding year. He showed the sale on the register of firearms; showed the signature of Bessie Forbes.

Triumphantly Claude Drumm made a gesture toward Mason.

"You," he declaimed, "may cross-examine the witness."

"No questions," drawled Perry Mason.

Claude Drumm frowned as the witness left the stand, then turned toward the courtroom and said dramatically, "Call Thelma Benton."

Thelma Benton gave her testimony in a low, resonant voice. In response to questions by Claude Drumm, she sketched rapidly the human drama in the life of the dead man. She told of his life in Santa Barbara; of the infatuation with Paula Cartright; of the elopement; of the purchase of the house on Milpas Drive; of the happiness of Forbes and his companion in their illicit romance. Then of the mysterious tenant of the adjoining house; the continued inspection through binoculars; the sudden realization that this neighbor was none other than the wronged husband; the abrupt departure of Paula Cartright; and then of the murder.

"Cross-examine," declaimed Claude Drumm triumphantly.

Perry Mason got slowly to his feet.

"Your Honor," he said, "it will be readily apparent that this witness may perhaps be a witness whose testimony is of the greatest importance. I understand there will be the usual five- or ten-minute recess at approximately three thirty o'clock. It is now three ten, and I am perfectly willing to commence my cross-examination, and to have it interrupted by the usual afternoon recess. But, aside from that interruption, I submit that I should be able to cross-examine this witness without interruption during the rest of the afternoon."

Judge Markham raised his eyebrows and glanced at Drumm.

"There is no objection to that, is there, Mr. District Attorney?" he asked.

"None whatever," said Claude Drumm sneeringly. "Cross-examine as long as you want to."

"I don't wish to be misunderstood," said Perry Mason. "I would like very much either to postpone my

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cross-examination until tomorrow, or to have it understood that it may be completed today."

"Proceed with the cross-examination, counselor," said Judge Markham, rapping with his gavel. "This Court has no intention of interrupting the cross-examination by adjournment, if that is what you have in mind," he finished.

Claude Drumm made an elaborately polite gesture. "You can cross-examine this witness for a year, if you like," he said.

"That will do!" snapped Judge Markham. "Proceed with the cross-examination, counselor."

Perry Mason was once more the center of attention. His intimation that the cross-examination was to be of the greatest importance swung the attention of every one in the courtroom to him.

"When you left Santa Barbara with Mr. Forbes and Mrs. Cartright," he said, "did Mrs. Cartright know of your capacity?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know what Mr. Forbes told her?"

"Naturally not."

"You had previously been the secretary of Mr. Forbes?"

"Yes."

"Had you," asked Perry Mason, "been more than a secretary?"

Claude Drumm was on his feet with a vehement objection. Judge Markham promptly sustained the objection.

"It goes to show motive, your Honor," said Perry Mason.

"The witness has as yet given no testimony which would make any such motive of the slightest importance," snapped the Court. "The ruling has been made, counselor. You will proceed with the cross-examination and avoid such questions in the future."

"Very well," said Perry Mason.

"When you left Santa Barbara with Clinton Forbes and Paula Cartright, you were traveling by automobile?"

"Yes."

"And in that automobile was a police dog?"

"Yes."

"A police dog named Prince?"

"Yes."

"The dog that was killed at the time of the murder?"

"Yes," said Thelma Benton with sudden vehemence. "He gave his life trying to defend his master against the attack of a cowardly assassin!"

Perry Mason nodded slowly. "And that was the dog that came with you in the automobile?"

"Yes."

"That dog was devoted to Paula Cartright?"

"Yes; he was quite friendly with her at the time we left Santa Barbara, and he became very much attached to her."

"AND that dog previously had been in the household of Mr. and Mrs. Forbes?"

"That is correct."

"You had seen the dog there?"

"Yes."

"And that dog was also attached to Mrs. Forbes?"

"Naturally."

"The dog also became attached to you?"

"Yes; it was an animal with an affectionate disposition."

"Yes," said Perry Mason, "I can understand that. And the dog howled almost continuously during the night of the fifth of October of the present year?"

"It did not."

"Did you hear the dog howl?"

"I did not."

"Isn't it a fact, Mrs. Benton, that the dog left the house, stood near the garage addition which was under construction, and howled dismally?"

"He did not."

"Now," said Perry Mason, abruptly changing the subject, "you have identified the letter which Mrs. Cartright left for Mr. Forbes when she decided to rejoin her husband?"

"Yes."

"She had been confined to her room with influenza?"

"Yes."

"And was recuperating?"

"Yes."

"And she abruptly summoned a taxicab when Mr. Forbes was absent?"

"When Mr. Forbes," said the witness with icy acidity, "had been decoyed from the house by a false complaint, the woman rejoined Mr. Cartright."

"You mean," said Perry Mason, "that she ran away with her own husband?"

"She deserted Mr. Forbes, with whom she had been living for a year," said the witness.

"And she left this letter behind?"

"Yes."

"You recognize that letter as being in the handwriting of Mrs. Cartright?"

"I do."

"Were you familiar with the handwriting of Mrs. Cartright before she left Santa Barbara?"

"Yes."

"NOW," said Perry Mason, producing a piece of paper, "I show you a paper which purports to be in the handwriting of Mrs. Cartright and ask you if that handwriting is the same as that on the letter."

"No," said the witness slowly, "it is not." She bit her lip for a moment, then added suddenly: "Mrs. Cartright, I think, made a conscious attempt to change her handwriting after she left Santa Barbara."

"I see," said Perry Mason. "Now I show you a sheet of paper which purports to contain handwriting by Bessie Forbes, the defendant in this action. That is not the same handwriting as is contained in this letter that Mrs. Cartright left behind her, is it?"

"Certainly not."

"And," said Perry Mason, "may I ask that you write something on a sheet of paper, for comparison?"

"This is highly irregular, your Honor!" said Claude Drumm, getting to his feet.

"The witness," Mason said, "has testified as to the handwriting of Mrs. Cartright. I have the right to cross-examine her by showing her other handwritings and asking her opinion as to the identity of those handwritings, compared with the writing in the note."

"I think you are right," said Judge Markham. "The objection will be overruled."

Thelma Benton took a sheet of paper and wrote.

Perry Mason examined the writing and nodded.

"I think we will both concede," he said, "that that is entirely different from the handwriting which appears on the letter which Mrs. Cartright left behind."

"Naturally," said the witness.

Judge Markham fidgeted uneasily.

"It has approached the hour of the usual afternoon recess," he said. "I believe you stated, counselor, that you had no objection to the usual afternoon recess?"

"None whatever, your Honor."

"Very well. The court will take a recess for ten minutes."

The judge arose from his chair, flashed Perry Mason a curiously speculative gaze, then walked into his chambers.

Perry Mason looked at his watch and frowned.

"Go over to the window, Frank," he said to Frank Everly, "and see if you can notice any unusual activity." The clerk walked to the window of the courtroom.

Perry Mason, ignoring the concentrated gaze of the curious spectators, slumped down in his chair.

Frank Everly turned from the window.

"There's a lot of excitement down there," he said. "There's been a truck distributing papers. It looks like an extra. The boys are calling them."

Perry Mason looked at the clock and smiled.

"Go on down and pick up a couple of the newspapers."

In a moment Frank Everly was back in the courtroom with two newspapers, his eyes wide, his lips sagging open.

What news did the extra contain? In next week's concluding installment of this powerful mystery novel you will learn and you will see Perry Mason unmask a killer.

Did Astor Find Capt. Kidd's Riches?



"On one trip he had the good fortune to rescue Winnepesaukee from a bear."

(Reading time:
19 minutes 25 seconds.)

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

COLONEL ASTOR," said Mr. Olmsted, "I have been at some pains to prove to you that the fortune you possess was not founded on your ancestor's profits in the fur business, but on the buried treasure of Captain Kidd."

"I won't deny that you have been at some pains," replied John Jacob. "Your industry in the matter has been prodigious."

"Thank you—and I hope not unavailing. It might be well now if we turned for a moment to my side of the case—that is, to the basis of my claim to the ownership of that treasure and consequently to the ownership of the Astor fortune."

Colonel Astor indulged himself in one of his rare smiles—a wry one at that.

"It is very decent of you, Mr. Olmsted," he said, "to wish to prove your standing in this matter, but you must realize that my own interest in that phase of the case must be largely an academic one."

A TRUE Story Stranger than Any Fiction—of Pirate Gold and the Birth of a Famous Fortune

"I fear I don't realize it, Mr. Astor."

"Well, if the Astor fortune does not belong to me and my family, it is of no pressing importance to me to whom it does belong."

"But it is of great importance to me," laughed Mr. Olmsted.

"Very well, then, proceed."

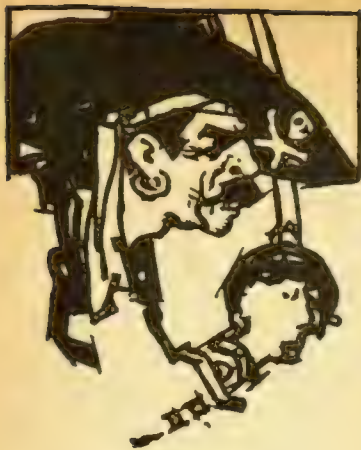
Mr. Olmsted dug deep into his pile of papers.

"On our first visit to this office," he began, "my counsel, Mr. Evarts, stated to you that I was the owner of the property on which the buried treasure was found. As a matter of fact, I am not only the present owner of the land on which the treasure was buried, but my family owned the land *at the time it was buried.*"

The full significance of this remark was not lost on the astute Mr. Astor. It was one thing to stand off the claim of a casual owner of property which, nearly two hundred years before he had acquired it, had been the site on which treasure had been buried. It was another thing to meet the claim of the rightful heir of the man or men who had actually possessed the land at that far distant time.

By **A L L E N M A R S H**

ILLUSTRATION BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK



"Deer Isle," continued Mr. Olmsted, "has been in the possession of my family ever since old Cotton Mather Olmsted acquired it, in the last years of the seventeenth century, from Big Chief Winnepesaukee, head sachem of the Penobscot tribe.

"This first of the Deer Isle Olmsteds was a pious colonial trader who believed in being just and kind even to the Indians with whom he dealt. On one of his trips to the coast of what is now Maine, he

had the good fortune to rescue Winnepesaukee from a conflict with a bear and to nurse him back to health. For this service the grateful chief presented him with the island.

"The original deed of gift, written on a piece of birch bark under date of January 24, 1699, is still in the family archives, along with the formal patent issued by the Secretary of the Treasury in Washington's second administration recognizing and affirming the validity of the original transfer."

Olmsted handed copies of these documents to Colonel Astor, and watched him closely until he finished reading them and laid them down.

"So much, so good," said Astor.

"The next question is to establish beyond the possibility of legal doubt that Kidd could not have buried his treasure *before* that day in January, 1699, when Cotton Mather Olmsted took title to the island.

"Fortunately, this problem is not so unsolvable as it seems. In the first place, it is a well established fact that Captain Kidd did not enter upon his piratical career until he sailed for the Indian Ocean under the patronage of Richard, Earl of Bellomont, and his friends the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Secretary of State, and the Lord Chancellor and Keeper of the Great Seal of England.

"Naturally, Mr. Astor, an expedition launched under such auspices received the widest publicity and became a matter of official record. That accounts for the comparative ease with which I have been able to establish that it was on September 6, 1696, that Kidd set sail from the port of New York in the good ship *Adventure Galley*, and that *he remained continuously in the Orient* until after my great-grandfather had obtained title from Chief Winnepesaukee to the island on which his reputed treasure was subsequently found."

THE testimony in Captain Kidd's own trial, which resulted in his being hanged on Execution Dock at Wapping, reviewed and confirmed these facts. And since the records of the trial have been preserved in the official archives, Mr. Olmsted's agents were able to procure a photographic copy.

"Are you satisfied," he asked, "as to the date of Captain Kidd's departure on his cruise?"

"I am."

"Well, now as to the date of his return. The first news of Captain Kidd's arrival in the Western Hemisphere after his depredations in the Orient is contained in a letter in regard to 'that notorious Pirate Capt. Kidd' from government officials on the island of Nevis, in the West Indies, addressed to the Secretary of the Lords of the Council of Trade and Plantations in London. I have a photograph of that letter."

Colonel Astor read the document carefully.

"You will note that this letter," said Olmsted, "is dated May 18, 1699—three months and twenty-four days after the transaction between Chief Winnepesaukee and my ancestor, which took place, as you will remember, on January 24 of the previous winter."

"Close, wasn't it?" commented Colonel Astor, with just the suggestion of sarcasm in his voice.

"Not too close, Mr. Astor. I am informed by eminent

counsel that there is no question of my family's having possessed the island prior to Captain Kidd's return from the Orient. I have here a written opinion from Senator Evarts covering the main points in the case. Would you like to read it, Mr. Astor?"

"No, that is a matter for the lawyers."

"The pith of Senator Evarts's letter is really in the last paragraph, which states that 'as owner of such real estate, the treasure would belong to him

(Frederick Law Olmsted) as affixed to the land, as against the whole world, except possibly the lineal descendants of Captain Kidd, if any there were.'"

"Well, Mr. Olmsted, I'll say this for you," laughed Colonel Astor. "I'd rather turn over my property to you than to any of the progeny of Captain Kidd!"

"That's very kind of you, but I assure you that Captain Kidd's line is happily extinct. From the records of the trial I discovered that Captain William Kidd was the only child of his parents, and that he was himself the father of two children, a girl and a boy. The former had died before the trial and while she was still a very young child. The latter survived both his father and his mother, and ultimately enlisted in the English army, being killed in battle in 1715.

"AFTER the son's death, his widow applied for a pension under the then existing law, stating that she was the rightful widow of the dead soldier, but that no child had been born to them. On this statement, which was accepted as official, the War Office records show that the usual pension due a childless widow was awarded to her and paid until her death in 1744—thus proving that Captain Kidd has no heirs and that I alone have any right to the treasure buried on my property."

"And on the strength of this so-called evidence," said Colonel Astor, when Mr. Olmsted had finished, "you expect me to hand over to you all of the Astor estate?"

"Not all of it, of course—but certainly that part of it which has accrued from the million three hundred thousand which your great-grandfather realized on the buried treasure of Captain Kidd."

"Have you any idea of how much that would be?"

"To a penny, Mr. Astor. My accountants have been working on the problem for nearly two years."

"Why, it would be a good part of Manhattan Island!"

"Precisely, Mr. Astor. That's what we figured."

It was true. The first John Jacob Astor had been land-crazy. We have seen how his first six hundred dollars went into two lots on Bowery Lane. Such modest purchases continued during the ten years which followed. Sometimes it would be two hundred, sometimes five hundred—whatever the annual profit in furs might be—that went into Manhattan land. The former German butcher's boy seemed to know no other form of investment. So it was natural that when the big money came, and the big chance with it, he should pour the proceeds of the Streeter drafts into New York real estate.

The record of his checking account on the books of the Bank of Manhattan Company showed that during the three years in which he received the \$1,300,000 from the sale of gems and gold and ancient French and Spanish coins he expended over \$700,000 in the purchase of real estate in the city of New York.

The balance he apparently put into an immediate expansion of his fur-trading business, which soon covered the entire continent, and into the establishment of an enormously profitable merchant marine for dealing with the Orient. But the proceeds of these ventures also were promptly reinvested in extending his real-estate empire on Manhattan Island.

Some twenty different tracts of land in what is now the very heart of the business and residence portion of



New York City were thus purchased, each of which is now probably of more value than the price originally paid for the whole.

And such land as John Jacob Astor bought! It was the despair of his friends. So was he. He never seemed to buy anything that was any good; or, if he did, he promptly sold it and put his money into farm lands or swamps. At one time he owned a house in Wall Street, one of the choicest pieces of property in the entire city. This he sold for \$8,000. The purchaser could hardly wait for the ink to dry on the bill of sale to exult over his bargain.

"Why, in a few years," he cried, "this lot will bring half as much again as its present value!"

"Very true," answered Astor, who had by this time acquired the king's English along with the king's gold. "But now, sir, you shall see what I'll do with the money you have paid me. With this eight thousand dollars I'll buy eighty lots above Canal Street. By the time your lot is worth twelve thousand my lots will be worth eighty thousand."

John Jacob was right. He always was in regard to New York real estate!

He purchased an East Side farm and ropewalk from John Selmar and his wife Catherine for \$20,000. It is worth \$8,000,000 today. He bought from John Cosine a farm which extended from the old Bloomingdale Road, now Broadway, between Fifty-third and Fifty-seventh Streets to the North River, for \$23,000. Its present value is at least \$6,000,000. He acquired from the financially embarrassed Medcef Eden another little farm in the old Bloomingdale Road, this time at Forty-second to Forty-sixth Street—Times Square. He paid \$25,000 for it. The Eden Farm is now worth \$20,000,000.

JOHN JACOB'S profits on his real-estate investments were all the more enormous because most of his purchases, like that from Medcef Eden, took advantage of the original owner's dire need. Even the supposedly rich and great did not escape him. He acquired half of Governor Clinton's farm, and kept after the impoverished Clinton heirs, lending them money and foreclosing mortgages, until he had gained title to a good part of the remainder. He took advantage of land-poor Trinity Church's every need for curates' salaries or parish schools to acquire for a song an additional parcel of the valuable ecclesiastical land.

The habit of acquisitiveness grew on him with age. And even from this brief account of the manner in which he acquired and managed his property, it must be obvious that none of the proceeds of the \$1,300,000 Street-er drafts was wasted, and that the accrued value of the investments he made and remade from their proceeds did actually amount in the 1890s to "a good part of Manhattan Island."

It was therefore hardly to be ex-

pected that the fourth John Jacob Astor should willingly give up such a vast empire for the asking. He might even have been pardoned for exclaiming somewhat impatiently:

"Mr. Olmsted, I think perhaps I have heard enough!"

"Enough to convince you?"

"That I should turn over my property to you without a struggle? No! But enough to convince me that you and I can't get anywhere by talking."

"I had hoped, Mr. Astor, to settle this matter amicably."

"I am sure you had. Your conduct throughout has been above reproach."

"May I say that your own has been far more patient and tolerant than I had any right to expect? If you had been like some people I know, you would have had me thrown out into the street."

"If you had been like some of the people I know, Mr. Olmsted, I wouldn't have waited to call anybody—I'd have thrown you out myself."

"You must have thought me a little mad."

"Mad, Mr. Olmsted? I thought you were crazy!"

"And you don't think I am so crazy now?"

"Well, I must compliment you on your diligence and initiative in uncovering—what shall we say?—these alleged facts. But the question, after all, is one for lawyers to discuss and for the courts to decide."

Colonel Astor rose and extended a long, slim, and strong, though rather cold, hand.

"My attorneys," he said, "in case Senator Evarts wishes to get in touch with them, are Elihu Root and Edward Isham."

"And mine, in addition to Mr. Evarts, are Joseph H. Choate, Stewart L. Woodford, and Frederick W. Hollis."

"It ought to be a good fight," laughed Colonel Astor.

"It ought indeed!"

"And may the best man win!"

Mr. Astor *had* behaved very well. He was not by nature a conceited man. It would not be fair to say that, on that day when Mr. Olmsted and Mr. Evarts first called to present their claims, he was thinking, as he stroked his mustache in the flickering New York sunlight, of his great wealth or even of his high social position. The fourth John Jacob was a man who thought long and deeply of many things. He even wrote brochures on world affairs. But he might have been pardoned, as he watched the flow of gold into the dingy old office of the Astor estate—a flow which seldom in his time had fallen below a full twelve million a year—if he gave a thought now and then to the self-evident fact of his apparently indisputable security.

And if he were a grateful soul, as his friends agreed he was, he undoubtedly gave thanks for that thrifty German fur trader, the original John Jacob Astor, who had come to America to found the most substan-

ITCHING FEET AND TOES?



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tial fortune in the whole history of New York. But he had not been left to his reflections, no matter how soothing or how dutiful they may have been. In fact, he had now been plunged into an abyss of doubts and fears which threatened to shake not only his own financial and social security, but also to overwhelm with suspicion and distrust the origin of that security.

Under the circumstances, the Colonel had not only behaved well, but there is reason to believe that, if the decision had been left to him, he would have behaved even better. In short, that he might have effected a private compromise with Mr. Olmsted which would have obviated the necessity of a suit at law. But John Jacob had others to consider.

First and most important, there was his cousin William Waldorf, who, after a disastrous political experience in America, had gone to England, established himself in regal luxury, taken out British citizenship papers, and got himself a title.

William Waldorf was not the type to give up even a penny of the unearned increment which he and his family so richly enjoyed.

Then, there were the collateral branches of the Astor family; all owed their fortunes to the first John Jacob Astor.

"The whole Astor family," some one once said, "could sleep a hundred years, and at the end find that their riches had grown a hundredfold."

Perhaps it was too much to ask of Colonel John Jacob that he should wake them up!

On the other hand, as the record shows, Mr. Olmsted was a very reasonable man.

He had begun his search for buried gold in the spirit of fun, and had later pursued the course of the mysterious box and its fabulous contents primarily in the spirit of adventure. Of course, being an able business man, he was not unaware—once the trail had led to one of the richest men in the world—of the opportunity which had come to him for assuring the financial future of his family. But he was not inclined to exact his pound of flesh.

As we have seen, he could with some show of justice have claimed that the great bulk of Astor holdings in New York City real estate, amounting in the 1890s to approximately \$200,000,000, had been acquired with the proceeds of the Deer Isle chest, and therefore belonged to him, the rightful owner of that chest.

He was content, however, with a more modest reckoning. The sum of \$1,300,000, with legal interest computed from date of receipt until the year 1895, would amount to \$5,112,234.50—and it was for this sum that he now made formal demand on the Astor estate.

The demand was, as he had probably expected, refused.

HE then made formal demand that the Astor family convey to him all the real estate in New York City purchased by their ancestor with the money received from Mr. Streeter, with its accrued rents and profits from the date of its purchase.

This demand was likewise refused.

These refusals left Mr. Olmsted no alternative except to resort to the courts for the establishment of his rights; and an action was accordingly started. The declaration filed by his attorneys, Joseph H. Choate, Stewart L. Woodford, and Frederick W. Hollis, set out in full the history of the claim from the beginning, as given above, and petitioned the court for the alternative reliefs for which he had already asked. But the Astor family, by their lawyers, Elihu Root and Edward Isham, denied all liability upon the ground that the cause of action, if ever valid, was barred by the statute of limitations.

To this answer the plaintiffs demurred, alleging that Mr. Olmsted had been vigilant in the assertion of his claim as soon as reasonable proof of its existence came to his knowledge, and further, that the statute of limitations did not run against a trust.

And the demurrer was sustained by the court on both grounds, leaving Mr. Olmsted in a very strong position from which to prosecute his claim—which he proceeded forthwith to do.

A report of the case was published in 1898 by Franklin H. Head, who was, according to *Who's Who in America*, an outstanding citizen of Chicago and president of the Chicago Historical Society. This report has fortunately been preserved in the Department of Rare Books in the Library of Congress at Washington.

"The suit commenced some three years since by Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted," said Mr. Head, "against the various members of the Astor family, in the New York Superior Court, attracted much attention at the time, both from the prominence of the parties to the litigation, and the large amount claimed by Mr. Olmsted—something over \$5,000,000.

"As the case has not yet come to a hearing, owing to the delays in the proceedings at law, the matter has, in a measure, passed from notice, scarcely anything connected with it having appeared in the public prints since the commencement of the action."

Curiously—and significantly—of all the records in this remarkable case, stretching back over more than two centuries, the most recent one, the record of the lawsuit itself, is the most obscure.

The Hall of Records in New York City reluctantly acknowledges remembering the case. The record represents it as having been filed in the New York Superior Court. But this court was merged with the Supreme Court of New York in 1896, and its records, so officials blandly claim, have become so scattered that there is no further information to be had in regard to the celebrated case of Frederick Law Olmsted *versus* John Jacob Astor *et al.*

THE assumption is inevitable—it doesn't take bland official effrontery to make it so—that the records in this particular case have been spirited away into the unknown. It is too much to believe that the official accounts of the trial of Captain Kidd for piracy on the high seas should have been preserved more than two hundred years and that the papers in a New York City lawsuit which is only slightly more than a quarter of a century old should have so miraculously disappeared.

Weight is lent to this theory of inspired official silence by the added fact that copies of Mr. Head's booklet, *A Notable Lawsuit*, have practically disappeared from circulation. Although there is a copy, as we have seen, in the Congressional Library in Washington, there is none in what was formerly the Astor Library in New York. There is a record in the latter institution of Mr. Head and his other works, but nary word about *A Notable Lawsuit*.

In Washington, but not in New York!

In other words, it may be assumed—although all concerned who are still alive will probably deny it—that the Astor heirs were absolutely unable to stand up legally under the Olmsted barrage of painstakingly assembled facts and proofs, and settled out of court quietly for a sum so vast that the Olmsted family and all the lawyers concerned, under agreement, maintain a complete silence.

It cannot be denied that there was a certain poetic justice in such a settlement. If ever anybody deserved to profit by finding buried treasure, it was those Olmsted youngsters whose spades turned the first dirt in the Deer Isle cave that summer day in 1892, and their father, Frederick Law Olmsted, to whose expert digging, both for gold and facts, the uncovering of this history is due, and who thus becomes, for all of Captain William Kidd's glamour and John Jacob Astor's wealth, the modest hero of the piece.

For the world's amusement, however, it is too bad that the issue was not joined. It would have been an edifying spectacle not soon forgot: those two giants of the American bar, Elihu Root and Joseph H. Choate, battling to a finish over the dead bodies of that former "paker's poy," Yakob Ashdour, and that "notorious pirate," William Kidd—Root championing Reality and Choate reaching down into the misty ages to resuscitate Romance.

It would have been, as Colonel Astor himself said, "a good fight."

THE END

The Most Dramatic Ball Game Ever Played

● A Veteran's Memory of One Hectic Day When the Thrills of a Season Were Packed into a Single Afternoon

(Reading time: 3 minutes 11 seconds.)

It happened at the Polo Grounds on October 8, 1908. Three teams had come thundering down the stretch neck and neck. When we ended the season by winning three straight from Boston we finished in a tie with the Cubs for the National League pennant. Pittsburgh was only a half game behind.

My ball club was tottering on the brink of the hospital. Bresnahan, Mike Donlin, and Fred Tenney were crippled, and Larry Doyle was out of the game with a spike wound.

The National Commission gave us the option of playing a series of five games with the Cubs to decide the championship or staking all our chances on a single contest.

That was the year of the historic "Merkle incident," in which we all felt we had been robbed of the pennant. The players were sore and didn't want to play, but in the end they decided to stake all their chances on a single game—and Christy Mathewson. In that hectic season of 1908 Matty had won the tremendous total of *thirty-seven* ball games.

Before noon on the day of the game the gates were closed; the streets for blocks around the Polo Grounds were a seething mass of humanity. The elevated structure outside the center-field fence was crowded with fans, and in the ensuing excitement during the game two men were pushed off and killed in the fall to the street below.

The crowd that day was inflammable. The players themselves were inflammable. While the Cubs were at batting practice Joe McGinnity, one of our pitchers, went out to start our infield practice. Frank Chance, playing-manager of the Cubs, was at the plate. He refused to leave and McGinnity pushed him. Chance retaliated with a punch to McGinnity's jaw. Immediately the players of both teams were milling around in a fine young riot.

All New York, convinced that we had been robbed of the pennant by Hank O'Day's decision in the Merkle case, had worked itself into a frenzy of hate against the Cubs.

Never has any ball club played under the conditions that faced the Cubs that day. When the game ball clubs of history are being discussed, don't forget the Cubs of 1908.

Mathewson struck out two of the Cubs to face him in the first inning and Herzog threw out Johnny Evers. Pfeister started

for the Cubs and was visibly nervous.

He hit Fred Tenney with a pitched ball and then walked Herzog.

When Mike Donlin limped to the plate and crashed a two-base hit into right field that scored Tenney, Chance took Pfeister out and waved Mordecai Brown in from the bull pen.

The crowd went wild. A spectator perched on the roof of the grandstand slid off in the excitement and fell to the ground.

In the second inning Chance made the first hit off Mathewson. Matty then caught him napping off first, and when Umpire Bill Klem called him out, Chance rushed at Klem with a roar of protest. A shower of cushions and pop bottles were hurled at him from the stands, one of the bottles hitting Chance and breaking a cartilage in his neck.

Joe Tinker opened the third with a drive that Cy Seymour, playing center field for us, lost against the background of fans waving hats on the roof of the grandstand. Before that inning was over the Cubs had scored four runs.

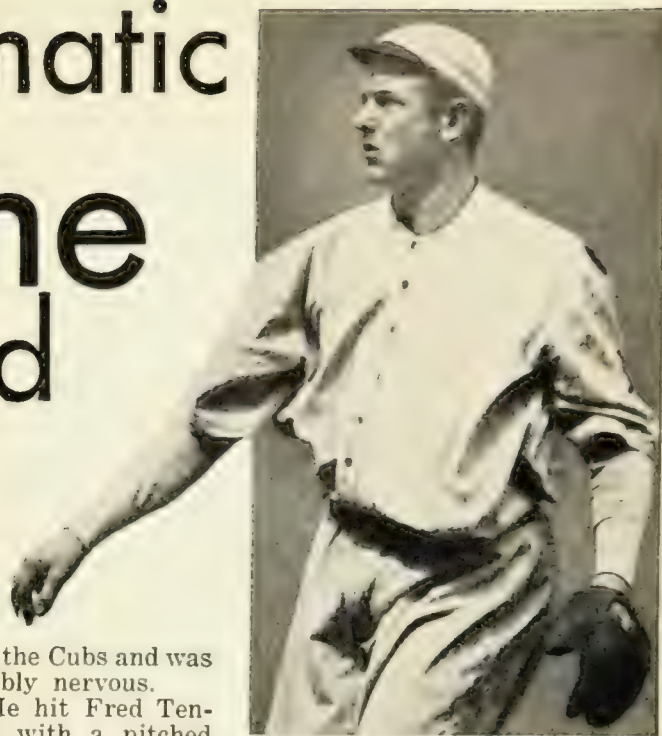
WE never had a chance against Brown, whose control was marvelous.

In the seventh we got the bases full with nobody out and Mathewson's turn at bat. I turned to Larry Doyle, sitting on the bench. "Larry," I said, "if you ever made a hit in your life make one now!"

But the best Larry could do was a weak foul back of the catcher. Kling raced back toward the stand to catch it, and somebody threw a pop bottle that narrowly missed his head. Then followed a shower of cushions and bottles, but without even dodging or taking his eye off the ball Kling made the catch.

Tenney then sent a fly to Schulte, and Schulte also had to make the catch in a shower of bottles. Devlin scored after the catch. Tinker then threw out Herzog, ending the inning and our last chance. The Cubs won 4 to 2—the only ball game in baseball history that had to be played after the season ended to decide a pennant. Baseball will never see another game like that.

THE END



CHRISTY MATHEWSON

By
JOHN J. McGRAW

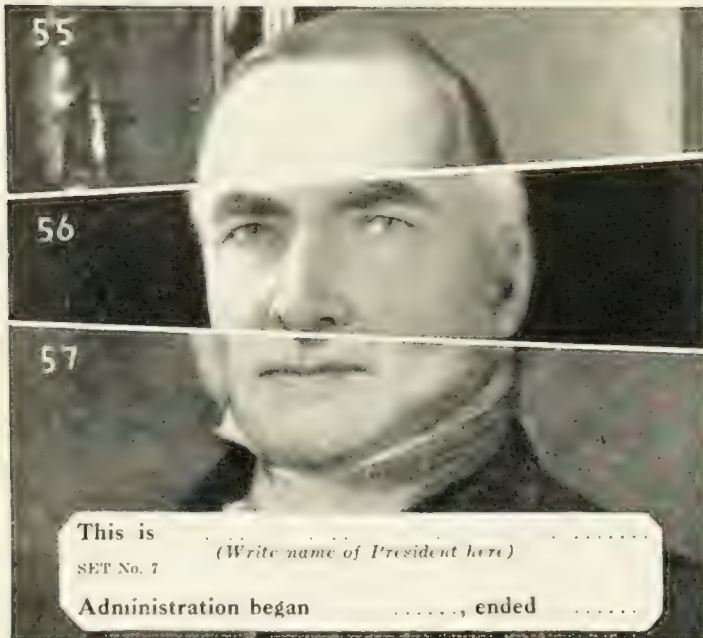
Vice president and former manager
of the New York Giants



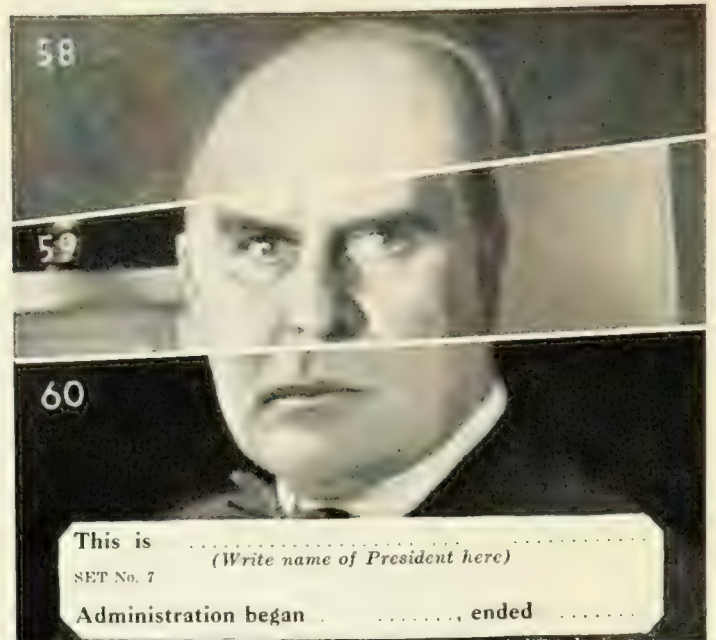
MORDECAI BROWN

\$2,500 Presidents Contest

SET NO. 7 TAKES YOU NEARER THE PRIZES



THE FOREHEAD is of an Allegheny College student; the eyes and nose are of an Ohio newspaperman; the mouth and chin are of the son of a former President.



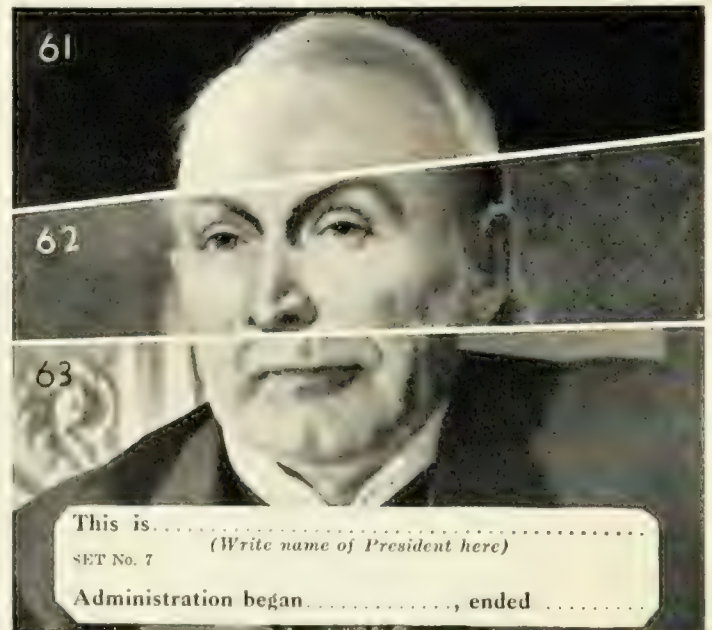
THE FOREHEAD is of one who negotiated the Florida purchase; the eyes and nose are of a Governor of Ohio; the mouth and chin are of a senator from that state.

HOW are you making out with your Presidents Contest entry? The race is in the home stretch now. This week we publish Set No. 7, which, when correctly assembled, will give you the nineteenth, twentieth, and twenty-first Presidential portraits in the contest gallery of thirty. Only three more weeks to the finish when you have done the pictures on this page! Then, as soon as the judges can complete their awards, will come the big news for 273 entrants.

Bear in mind as you prepare your final entry that elaborateness is not required. It will not count in rating your entry. Strive, above all, for accuracy and to be neat. If you are accurate, an elaborate presentation is unnecessary. If you are inaccurate, it will be rejected, no matter how ornamental you have made it. Therefore conserve your money and material and concentrate on making the identifications correctly.

PRESIDENTS CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures of former Presidents of the United States.
2. Each set of pictures when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of former Presidents. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.
3. For the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award \$2,500 in cash prizes according to the schedule on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
4. Thirty pictures will be published in all, one for each former President. Franklin D. Roosevelt's picture is not included in this contest, only former Presidents being used.
5. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the President and the first and last years of his administration.
6. Mail your entry by first-class mail to PRESIDENTS CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.
7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.
9. All entries must be received on or before Monday, April 23, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.



THE FOREHEAD is of a native of Ohio; the eyes and nose are of a native of Massachusetts; the mouth and chin are of the seventh of nine children.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	\$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
70 PRIZES, each \$10	700
200 PRIZES, each \$5	\$1,000
273 PRIZES—TOTAL	\$2,500

THIS IS THE SEVENTH SET OF THE SERIES. THE EIGHTH WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK

(Reading time: 4 min. 20 sec.)

A NEW country, says Bruce Lockhart, should be seen, heard, smelled, tasted, felt. "You get nearer to any foreign land through the senses," he says, "than through the intellect."

He ought to know how to advise travelers. For years he globe-trotted east, west, north, and south. Right now he's over here applying his senses to America. He's on a lecture tour.

Bruce Lockhart wrote British Agent, the book every one has been reading and talking about. It will soon be filmed, with Leslie Howard reliving the excitements of Lockhart's career as a British diplomatic envoy. The picture will be a great treat to me, for I was in revolutionary Russia and saw it all happen. As an old friend, Lockhart has been telling me a funny aftermath of the story.

In his book he wrote quite a lot about a certain lady of Petrograd. She lives in London now, and Lockhart sent her his manuscript to look over before it was published. She wrote back a long list of complaints—how unfeeling he was, how coldly British about his Russian experiences. "And besides," she ended, "you say in your book that my hair is wavy. You ought to remember perfectly well that my hair is as flat as a pancake."

The unforgivable sin of forgetting a lady's looks!

A British agent is *not* a spy, Mr. Lockhart asks me to explain. The British government sends diplomatic agents, fully accredited, to countries where conditions aren't normal—Afghanistan, for instance. A spy is something else again; spies never have any official status. British agents speak plenty of languages. Lockhart speaks Russian, German, French, Czech, Serbian, and Malay. He speaks his English with a Scottish burrrrr.

● A fashionable jeweler gives me these tips:

"Women with short plump fingers," he says, "should wear rings with an oblong stone, or a setting of the marquise shape.

"Square rings look best on slim fingers."

The jewelers disapprove of stones worn to match the color of your gown. Wear gems that bring out the color of your dress by contrast, they advise. My fashionable jeweler friend suggests a few advantageous combinations:

Rubies with pale green or blue or beige. Sapphires with pink or mauve. Opals with black, amethysts with white, jade with dark purple. Semiprecious stones can be worn at times to match the color of a sports dress.

Few of us can buy new jewelry to go with our clothes, but we can select fabrics to favor our pet rings and necklaces and bracelets.

TO THE LADIES!



By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority
on fashion



Bruce Lockhart

● News for the Sleep Department:

Various herb teas, *tilleul*, *verveine*, etc., which have long been used by the insomniacs of Europe, are now becoming known and obtainable here. They are brewed in a teapot, just like tea, and are tipped as a nightcap just before you go to bed. *Tilleul* is the favorite with most people. You pronounce it *ty-yul*. It's made of dried lime-tree blossoms.

● Have you ever been lost in a maze? I don't mean a tangle of perplexing thought—I mean a *real* maze of paths and hedges purposely designed to keep you wandering.

Emily Smith made a quarter of a million dollars letting people into a maze, then getting them out. She died recently after a career as keeper of the famous Hampton Court maze in England. The size of the fortune she left astonished some folks, because

the price for entering the maze is only one penny.

But her wealth didn't surprise me. I've been in that maze. I remember tramping around in it until I screamed for help. And I remember the liberal tip I gave to the attendant who finally rescued me. I gave gladly and willingly.

Another ten minutes in that maddening place would have addled my brain for life. At least, such was my conviction at the time.

The Hampton Court maze has been there several hundred years. Going in it is one of the things every English tripper does—once. Emily Smith used to fish them out.

No wonder she died rich!

● Blue Blaze, by Jane Harvey Houlson, is an engaging journal of adventure in the Caribbean. (Published by Bobbs-Merrill.)

● Here's a sausage specialty from France. Call it *Sauccisses Soubise*. To make it you need one of those flat earthenware saucepans of the

French variety. It won't crack if you boil it 20 minutes in a large pan of water just before using it.

For gas cooking, put an asbestos mat under the earthenware utensil. By the way, the French name for this kind of a pan is *cocotte*.

Fry your sausages golden brown in the *cocotte*, remove them and pour off some of the fat. Then fry 4 thinly sliced onions in the remainder about 10 minutes. Do not brown them. Cover the *cocotte* and cook the onions

until quite tender, stirring occasionally. Now add 1 cup white wine, salt, pepper, and a tiny pinch of thyme. Cover again and simmer about $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. Add the sausages now, and simmer some more. Cook very slowly until the onions become a creamy sauce. Serve piping hot. The secret of a perfect *soubise* is slow cooking.

There Is a Kind
of Love Which,
Once Born, Can
Never Die. This
Is the Story of
Two Hearts that
Found It in the
Midst of Deadly
Peril

By

*Whitman
Chambers*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

J O H N
F A L T E R



The Sacred Flame

*Wanda limped up the ladder on
to the deck. Fred Shane stood,
motionless and alone, staring at a
red stain in the waters astern.*



(Reading time: 20 minutes 56 seconds.)

WANDA REYNOLDS' lips tightened as she watched the sun poise on the curving rim of the Caribbean.

Far down the mountainside the tiled roofs of Santinas shone red in the afterglow. On the eastern side of the plaza, between the cathedral and the band stand, a swarm of antlike figures raised a tiny cloud of dust.

The breeze from the sea, sweeping cool and fragrant up the slope, bore the muted crack of rifles. On the veranda of La Cresta the sound was like the popping of children's play guns.

"Mother has decided," Johnnie was saying, "to postpone our wedding another month. Conditions now are so unsettled. Half of our friends, unreasonably excited by the alarmists, have fled the country, and the other half, most of them, refuse to leave their homes. I doubt if, under the circumstances, we could muster a dozen guests. And, just as mother says, though she would hardly use the word, we don't want our wedding to be a bust."

"No, we don't want our wedding to be a bust." Wanda's dark eyes were remote as she stood watching the sea, cooling under the fading afterglow. "Is it our



wedding, Johnnie, or your mother's?"

Johnnie put his arm around her. She felt his eyes on her, his placid blue eyes, but she did not look up at him. He said gently: "I'm sorry, dear. But we have been planning this for so long, so many months, it would be a shame to have it flop. Mother would be heartbroken."

Wanda took a slow and shaking breath, trembling in the curve of his arm.

"Cold, dear?" he asked quickly.

"Not cold, Johnnie. Just frightened."

"Frightened!" She felt him and heard him laugh. "Of that business down there? Mother is absolutely convinced that they will not molest us."

"Fred Shane says we may have to get out any minute."

His arms went round her.

She came, whispering his name. He said: "I love you."

"Fred Shane!" Johnnie jeered.

"He is keeping the Firefly provisioned and ready down in the south cove."

"That cockleshell!"

"I'd hardly call her a cockleshell. She is forty-six feet over all, he told me. And he sailed her all the way down here from New Bedford alone. Single-handed, Johnnie."

"Imagine! Sailing that tub down here single-handed when he could have come on a ship, or by plane. Fred Shane," Johnnie continued, with a fire that seemed unwarranted, "is one of our worst and most typical alarmists. And like all the rest of his kind, his knowledge of conditions is singularly superficial."

"He has lived here for twelve years."

"When he wasn't kicking around in that yawl, or



loafing with Lisa in New York or Paris or Havana.

"Mother, you know, has lived here, in this house, for twenty-six years. I was born here. Of course," he added modestly, "I profess to no knowledge of conditions myself. I have been away at school virtually all my life. But in twenty-six years mother has never left the island. If any one has a finger on the pulse of the country, certainly mother has."

Wanda thought of the lean woman of wax whom Lisa Shane had dubbed the Empress. And Fred Shane's words came back to her: "She is still the outlander, Wanda. Her mind is as untouched by the life around her as is her waxlike skin by the sun."

Wanda thought of the Empress and felt a little sorry for the foolish old woman who, while dissipating a great sugar fortune piled up by her husband during the boom years, held on to her ten thousand acres of cane and waited placidly for better times that, all thinking persons knew, would never come again.

And the Emperor, dead these ten years. A swell egg, but, as Johnnie regretfully told her, a man with too great a fondness for rum and cards and parties.

The great door behind them creaked on heavy hinges. A voice, thin and clear and liquid, said, "Come, children. It is time to change for dinner. The Shanes are coming, you know, and we wouldn't want to keep them waiting."

Johnnie had dropped his arm and turned to his mother. Wanda, looking up at him, ignoring the tall wax figure in the doorway, saw the color flood his tanned cheeks. Johnnie, Johnnie, are you ashamed to let your mother see you love me?

Johnnie said, "Yes, mother dear. We'll go right up."

AND this was the fine young man who had trampled opposing tackles into the dirt, and who on two occasions in his sensational career had been banished from the football field for unnecessary roughness.

They had been classmates, Johnnie and Wanda, in a small coeducational Florida college, and from the beginning of their freshman year very much in love. At the end of their senior year, when Johnnie left for home, they had been tentatively engaged.

She had waited a year, just to make sure. A year of drabness attending the wants of a hypochondriac and impecunious foster father. A year in which her only dreams were of the blue Caribbean and the green cane and the paradise that was La Cresta. Then, early in May, she had put her foster father in the hands of a practical nurse and boarded a southbound ship. Today was the twenty-first of September.

In her room, Wanda slipped into a flame evening dress, changed her sandals for silver slippers, and going to the window lit a cigarette.

Lisa Shane strolled in. She was a

trim, tightly built little blonde, provocative in a languid, sinuous way.

"I dodged the Empress and came up for a cigarette," Lisa said. Her voice was husky, as it always was when she had been drinking. "How is the old battle-ax?"

"She is fine." Wanda gave her a cigarette and held a match. Lisa swayed ever so slightly as she took the light.

"She will live, my dear, to be a hundred. For forty years you will watch her sitting there in state at the head of her long table, her uniformed flunkies massed in echelon behind her. God, it makes my flesh crawl to think of her!"

IT is I who must live with her, Lisa. Not you. Why must you be nasty with your auguries? Because you are jealous of me? Because you suspect I have fallen in love with your husband? Suppose I have. Would you care? Didn't you tell me a week ago, in a drunken confidence, that you no longer loved him? Didn't you tell me you wished to God he'd get mixed up in that trouble down below and never come back?

"Fred went to town early this morning," Lisa said. "Or perhaps you knew."

"No, I didn't." Wanda was conscious of Lisa's scrutiny.

"He expected to be back by noon. He's still missing."

Careful! She's only baiting you. "You don't seem particularly worried, Lisa."

Lisa smiled and veiled her eyes with beaded lashes.

A gong reverberated through the big house.

"We're being paged," Wanda said lightly.

In the big drawing-room of La Cresta teakwood elbowed golden oak and Circassian walnut. The Empress, Lisa Shane said, had the taste of a Carib squaw.

The Empress wore a gown of cerise velvet, cut as low as the lenient law of the Victorian era allowed. Her white hair was done high and her colorless face was as sharp and aquiline as a caricature of Queen Elizabeth. Johnnie, sleek and shining, molded into his dinner jacket, stood beside her chair.

She gave Lisa a thin jewel-spangled hand. "So glad to see you, my dear. Mr. Shane is late?"

Lisa sat down and stretched out her shapely legs. "Fred hasn't come back from town."

Esteban, a white-haired Negro in purple-broadcloth livery, appeared with a silver tray on which were four small cocktail glasses.

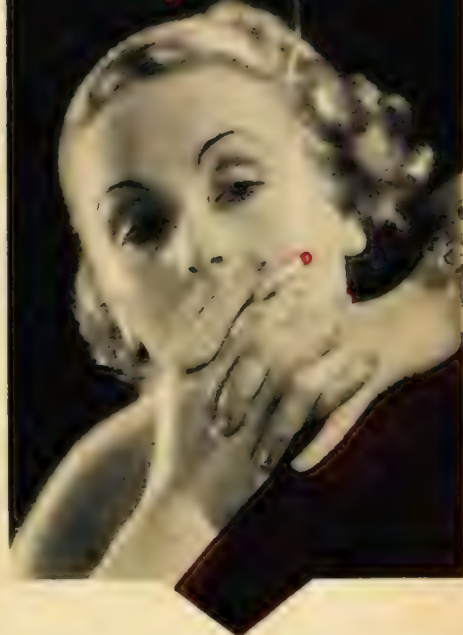
The Empress touched bloodless lips to her glass and then put it aside. "Strange. Strange indeed. Mr. Shane knew, did he not, that he was coming to dinner?"

"Oh, yes. He knew. He'll be along presently."

Lisa downed her cocktail. She sat nervous in her chair, her hands never quiet.

...AND NOTHING
ELSE BUT

Raleigh
Cigarettes



"I've got a lot of decided opinions—come to think of it. I'm very decided about Raleighs. I decidedly like their character. I like the choice of plain or cork tips—they don't stick to my lips. And I certainly like the FREE bridge cards. 85 of the coupons packed in Raleighs bring a bridge set, two decks of initialed, gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards—FREE. Other attractive premiums, too. (Offer good only in U. S. A.)

PLAYING CARDS—FREE



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Let's talk about Something Pleasant!



A delicious bit of chocolate, for instance. For it so happens that a delicious bit of chocolate is changing the ideas of millions about laxatives. And *you* ought to know it!

It's Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative. It looks like chocolate and it tastes like chocolate, but through the pure, smooth chocolate is distributed uniformly a world-famous laxative ingredient that is perfectly tasteless. All you taste is chocolate. But no nasty-tasting, harsh violent purgative was ever more effective!

It makes no difference whether one is six or sixty — Ex-Lax is effective. Everybody loves chocolate — so every age likes Ex-Lax.

Why, then, clutter a medicine cabinet with a whole row of laxatives when one tiny tin

of Ex-Lax will serve the entire family? And serve them *better*!

Ex-Lax is as gentle as it is pleasant. And that's important! For you don't want harsh, violent action. You want a laxative to be effective — but gentle. Ex-Lax works overnight without over-action. It doesn't cause stomach pains.

Twenty eight years ago Ex-Lax was just an idea — today it's America's leading laxative. That tells you how the nation has swung to "the pleasant side."

So next time when you "need something" get Ex-Lax! See how pleasant it is to take — and how much better you feel afterwards.



At all druggists. 10c and 25c sizes. But look for the genuine Ex-Lax, spelled E-X-L-A-X.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Without preamble the Empress launched into one of her favorite stories.

Johnnie paid her rapt attention, though he must have heard the story a thousand times.

Once the Empress mentioned Ramon Pienes. "A great, I may say a very great, man. He will go far in the affairs of our republic."

Why, Lisa, do your eyes light when Ramon Pienes is mentioned? Why do your pretty hands grow tense in your lap? Is it true, the gossip I've heard?

The wide door to the patio flew open. Fred Shane in riding clothes, Fred Shane dusty and sweaty, one side of his face smeared with dried blood, stepped into the room. In the dead silence following his entrance, a silence lasting only an instant, a shot rang out sharp and clear somewhere down the hillside. The tall tired-looking young man said evenly:

"All right, people. We're clearing out at once."

"Get out? Leave? Desert our homes? Why, my dear Mr. Shane, do you really believe that after twenty-six years as mistress of La Cresta I shall—"

FRED SHANE'S lips curled as he interrupted the Empress: "I have just come from town. The army has gone mad. They have locked their officers in the *cuartel*. Led by a drunken corporal, they have started up the mountain. Five hundred blood-mad soldiers shouting '*Abajo con el imperialismo Yanqui!*'"

"What, John, does that mean?"

"It means, mother, 'Down with Yankee imperialism.'"

Lisa, tense in her high-backed chair, said slowly:

"Ramon told me yesterday that we would not be molested."

Fred's dark eyes, burning with weariness, fixed with cool contempt on his lovely wife. "Ramon, my dear, is dead. His body is lashed to a telephone pole in the plaza. There is a sign spiked to his chest which reads, '*El nos ha vendido a los Yanquis.*'"

"It says," Johnnie patiently told his mother, "'He sold us out to the Yankees.'"

Two spots of rouge shone bright on Lisa's ghastly face. Suddenly she was across the room and pounding her husband on the breast.

"You're lying to me, Fred!" she screamed. "Ramon is not dead! I know he isn't dead!"

Fred Shane looked down into her tortured eyes. He asked gently, "Why should I lie to you, Lisa?"

"Because you know I love him! And you're trying to get me away from him, out of the country!"

"Please, dear! I've known that for a long time, and I haven't tried to get you out of the country."

Johnnie asked reasonably, "What makes you think they will bother us up here?"

"Because I know a mob when I see one," Fred Shane sharply answered.

"Those soldiers, whipped to a frenzy by today's killings, have announced their intention of slaughtering every *Yanqui* in the district."

"Such nonsense!" the Empress cried. "Fred Shane, you are a silly alarmist."

Fred Shane snorted. "Madame, do you know that President Fluentes has fled the country? Do you know that the two dictators who followed him have been deposed? Do you know that right now every American man-of-war within a radius of two thousand miles is steaming toward this island under forced draft? Do you know that intervention by the United States is almost certain within twenty-four hours?"

He swept them all with his feverish eyes.

"The Firefly is provisioned and ready to go. Magdalena, where there is a United States cruiser, is two days east of here. There is room on my boat for us all. Any takers besides myself and Lisa?"

Lisa sprang away from him screaming, "I shan't go!"

"You'll go, Lisa. Do you think I'd leave you here to be butchered?"

The Empress's dark eyes blazed. "Fred Shane, I have seen presidents and dictators come, and I have seen them go. And in twenty-six years no one has ever dared lay a hand on me or on my people."

"Twenty-six years, you say!" Fred Shane sneered. "Twenty-six years of sitting here day after day, weaving your silly dreams, believing you know these people. When, madame, were you out of this house? When did you last read an Habana newspaper? Why, you *couldn't* read one! You can't even speak the language!"

Johnnie's smooth cheeks had flushed. He was holding himself straight and rigid. "See here, Fred! If you can't show mother the respect that is due her as—"

Fred Shane snapped, "I'll show respect for common sense when and if I ever run into any."

Johnnie started forward, his big fists clenched, his eyes flashing. The Empress touched him on the shoulder, waved him aside. She raised her hand toward the doorway. Regally and clearly she pronounced sentence:

"You will leave my home, Fred Shane, and never darken my door again."

Fred Shane bowed ironically. "Come, Lisa."

HE firmly took her hand and started toward the door. On the threshold he paused and turned.

"Please, folks. Please look here," the worn young man begged. "I know what I am talking about. I have seen things today that will make my dreams a nightmare as long as I live. Men dragged through the streets by a shouting mob, men shot full of holes and unspeakably mutilated, men—"

"American men?" Johnnie broke in derisively.

"Men who were *simpático* with the administration at Washington."

Drawing herself up with pride, complacently plying her ivory fan, the Empress declared, "They would not dare to harm an American citizen."

Johnnie squared his shoulders and managed to look very brave and very smug. "Fred, I never realized it before, but I believe you are not only a bit of a fool but also a coward."

Wanda knew then, suddenly, that it is only the fool and the coward who laughs at danger. Johnnie, she realized now, was a little of both, too foolish to heed Fred Shane's warning, too cowardly to defy an addle-brained old woman.

She said, "I am going with Fred."

"By heaven, you're not! You're staying right here at La Cresta," Johnnie raged. "I'll not have you running off with—"

"Wait, Johnnie! Listen to me! We are not married and I am not taking your orders. I am going with Fred and nothing you say can stop me. Nothing." She took two steps toward the door, paused, faced Johnnie again. "Oh, please! Please, Johnnie! Don't risk your life by—"

"If you are going," the Empress interrupted icily, "I am certain you should hurry. Esteban, remove three places from the table. John dear, we shall go in to dinner now."

Together
for the
First Time



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CLAUDETTE

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It Happened One Night

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FRANK CAPRA
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careers



Watch for JOHN BARRYMORE
in "20th Century" with CAROLE LOMBARD

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

WHAT . . . GRINDING VALVES AGAIN ?

Forced to lay your car up for valve grinds two and three times a year? That's nothing to what I. L. Shimberg of Syracuse, N. Y. went through. Here's what he writes:

"I had been a user of Quaker State, and changed to a cheaper oil. It was then necessary to have my valves ground twice in 2500 miles. The garage man showed me that the trouble was due to valve guides and motor being gummed up with carbon from the cheaper oil. I changed back to Quaker State, and have had no further trouble in any way."

Why does ordinary oil stir up trouble? Because it's loaded with a thin, watery material called "light-end" oil. There's one quart of this, more or less, in every gallon. It burns up, vaporizes, blows away. Your car doesn't get full lubrication.

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Look for the Quaker State sign. Most places will service your car from 1-quart and 5-quart refinery-sealed cans. Or, get Quaker State in the patented, double-sealed drum. Quaker State Oil Refining Company, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

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She held out her arm and Johnnie took it. . . .

There was a light, a welcome light, in the little shack of Juan, the boat-keeper. Out in the cove, ghostly white against the oily blue-black water, the Firefly rode motionless at anchor.

"Thank God, she's still here!" Fred Shane cried. It was the first word in more than two hours, the first word since the three of them had started down the dark and slippery trail from La Cresta.

Juan came out of his shack and helped them drag the dinghy across the sand and into the water. He waved them off with a reverent "Vayan con Dios."

As they neared the Firefly, Wanda said, "She looks able, Fred."

Fred Shane glanced over his shoulder at the yawl. "She is able, Wanda. I could put her through a hurricane. You know boats, don't you?"

"I've sailed them all my life."

Lisa's voice came barbed from the bow: "You and Fred should be *muy simpático*."

THERE was hardly any wind. In an hour Fred Shane swung over to the starboard tack and set a course due east.

"We'll slip past Santinas in the night," he told Wanda, "and by morning we'll be well on our way to Magdalena. Will you take the wheel?"

Fred Shane went below. He came back in a little while with coffee and sea biscuits and jam. Wanda moved over and he sat down beside her and took the wheel. She drank the scalding coffee and ate half a biscuit. She wasn't hungry.

"Is Lisa all right?" she asked.

"Yes. I gave her a drink. She wouldn't eat anything. She still insists Ramon is not dead. I never realized before how—" He broke off, sighing. "Basta! Enough of that. It's all over."

"You are pulling out for good?"

"Yes. I'm a bit tired of selling raw sugar for less than it costs to produce it."

"Where shall you go? I mean"—her voice trembled—"after you leave me at Magdalena."

"I don't know. Panama is a week away. Beyond are the Galapagos, the Marquesas, and the Low Archipelago. Samoa and the New Hebrides."

"Magic names," Wanda mused. "You'll go alone?"

"I don't know." His voice sounded weary, but new life came into it as he went on: "It wouldn't be any great feat of seamanship. The Firefly will sail herself most of the time. So many single-handers have circumnavigated the globe that it has ceased even to be news."

"Yes," Wanda nodded, "the single-handers. Captain Slocum and the Spray. Harry Pigeon and his beloved Islander. Alain Gerbault and Dale Collins and Captain Voss. I think I have read every word that

has ever been written about them."

"Girl, girl! Aren't they a grand and noble crew? The men who go down to the sea in little ships?"

"Yes, the men, and they are *men*, who go down to the sea in little ships. Voyagers Unafraid."

They sat silent under the low stars, while the cutwater of the Firefly crooned a pleasing and gentle melody. Down below, Lisa, you sit, refusing to believe your lover is dead. Did you love him very much, Lisa? Is your hard little heart broken?

Fred Shane's hand closed on Wanda's.

"You would go, Wanda! You would go with me. I've seen it in your eyes. The love of the sea and a far horizon. You wouldn't be afraid."

"No, Fred. I wouldn't be afraid."

His arms went round her, drew her to him. She came, whispering his name. He said wretchedly:

"Wanda, Wanda, I love you."

"I know," she breathed. "I've known for weeks."

"You love me too. You do! You do!"

"I love you."

The Firefly, her wheel forgotten, had yawed. Wanda saw over Fred Shane's shoulder a great red flame against the northern sky. She drew away from him, fascinated, sick with horror.

"Fred! The soldiers have fired La Cresta."

"My God!" He watched the soaring flames for a moment. Then he took the wheel and brought the yawl on to her course again. He said brokenly, "The poor foolish old Empress. Poor brave Johnnie. Oh, God, why wouldn't they listen to me?"

Wanda shuddered. "It all seems like a drama, Fred, an insane and incredible drama."

"Not drama, Wanda. We don't have drama down here in the hot countries. We have melodrama."

WANDA slowly lowered her head, resting it on her cold bare arms. Dry-eyed, she sobbed.

A little after dawn Lisa appeared. "You look dead, darling. So does Fred. Why don't you two rest a while? Sleep an hour and then I'll get you some breakfast. I'll take the wheel."

Fred yawned and his tired eyes swept the bare horizon. "Would you mind? I haven't had a wink, you know, since four o'clock yesterday morning. Just hold her steady on due east and call me in half an hour."

"The breeze is freshening nicely, isn't it?" Lisa said as she took the wheel.

Wanda felt a strange reluctance to go below. Lisa, your voice is pleasant and you seem almost yourself. But why is it that not once have you met Fred's eyes or mine?

Lying on the bunk in one of the cabins, Wanda told herself she would not go to sleep. A short rest . . . and then, just in case, she'd go back

on deck. . . . Beyond are the Galapagos, the Marquesas and the Low Archipelago. Samoa . . . and the New Hebrides . . . southwest by south.

She was awakened by the crash of glass. The mirror over the tiny wash-basin was shattered. From somewhere not far away came the crack of rifles.

A hot flash of terror swept over her. Springing out of her bunk, she jerked open the door and collided with Fred Shane in the narrow passageway. His face was ghastly. He shoved her roughly back into the cabin.

"Stay here!" he shouted. "Lie down! Down below the water line! She's brought us back to Santinas."

He ran aft into the saloon. At that instant the Firefly heeled over. Wanda slipped, plunged across the cabin, and brought up shockingly against the bunk. She heard the mainsail jib with a clatter of blocks and a sharp explosion as the canvas whipped taut. She heard Lisa Shane scream. She heard, still, the bark of rifles. She lay there terrified, gasping for breath.

Outside in the saloon Fred Shane was cursing. He was pounding at something, something that finally gave way with a splintering crash.

The Firefly slowly came on to an even keel. Wanda caught hold of the bunk and pulled herself to her feet. She had wrenched her right leg. She limped out into the passageway, went aft through the saloon, and climbed painfully up the ladder on to the deck. Fred Shane stood, motionless and alone, staring at a red stain in the water astern.

"Fred! What happened?"

HE did not answer. Wanda looked around, blinking in the brilliance of a sun halfway to the zenith. The Firefly, her wheel deserted, was in the harbor entrance of Santinas. At the end of the long breakwater, a stone's throw away, five men in faded khaki stood wildly firing their rifles at the yawl.

Wanda stepped into the cockpit and caught the wheel. Fred Shane wiped a shaking hand over his eyes. He said dazedly, reading the story:

"They saw us coming. They waited in ambush behind the breakwater. When they began to fire, Lisa

must have left the wheel and started below. They must have hit her. And then the boom jibbed and knocked her overside."

Wanda had spun the wheel around. "Get down, Fred! Please get down!"

He did not heed her. "She had locked the companion door. I had to break it. By the time I got on deck she had gone down. There was nothing—I could do. Nothing."

Wanda brought the wind on to the port quarter. "Fred! Fred!" she screamed. "Don't stand there! Don't stand there! Don't stand there and let them hit you! Fred!"

"Lie down, Wanda! Lie flat in the cockpit and hold her steady."

He leaped down the companionway. He was back in a moment with a rifle. Flinging himself flat, he brought the gun to his shoulder.

"A little to port, Wanda. There! Steady now!"

HE fired five precise shots. Then, reloading his gun, he waited.

Wanda heard no more shots from the breakwater. She looked over the edge of the cockpit. Two men lay sprawled across the rocks. The others had taken cover on the far side of the breakwater. The harbor, the white flat town, the green mountains beyond were drawing astern as the water hissed along the Firefly's smooth planking.

Fred Shane put his gun away and took the wheel. His eyes came to rest on the far horizon. His firm tanned hands moved mechanically on the spokes.

Wanda, small and forlorn in the wreck of her flame gown, sat motionless beside him. The minutes drew into an hour. The land astern faded into the opalescent heat haze. The Firefly, with jib and jigger and mainsail set and drawing, sung merrily along. They were alone, alone with the sea and the sky and an honest little ship.

Fred Shane asked, "Magdalena?"

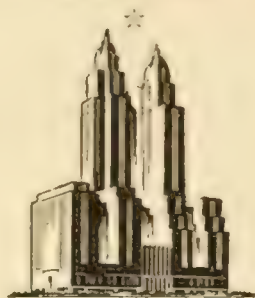
Wanda met his tired tortured eyes. She did not say anything. Fred Shane turned the wheel. The main boom jibbed. The jib and jigger swung over. The Firefly steadied on her new course.

Wanda looked at the compass card. The lubber's line was motionless on southwest by south.

THE END

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Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 21

- 1—A scolding woman.
- 2—Rhode Island, until 1900: Providence and Newport.
- 3—Behold the man.
- 4—William Henley.
- 5—A whim.
- 6—The English poet laureate.
- 7—The hobby of collecting stamps.
- 8—In China.
- 9—A prophecy.
- 10—No, it is a shelly concretion.
- 11—From *uncia*, one twelfth of a Roman pound or foot.

- 12—According to Genesis 4:22, an instructor of metal workers.
- 13—A stairway that moves up or down.
- 14—Edward Everett Hale.
- 15—Ulysses S. Grant.
- 16—A fertile place in the desert.
- 17—Deseret.
- 18—In Florida.
- 19—Natural glass formed by volcanoes.
- 20—Jupiter, about 87,000 miles in diameter.

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CRIME AND JUSTICE

DETROIT, MICH.—I hope that you will see fit to publish this suggestion to reduce crime by making justice swift and sure in our courts and taking away the profits of lawyers who fatten and batten on crime.

1. Eliminate delays due to endless technicalities that protect the criminal to the injury of the public.

2. End the system of privately employed criminal lawyers and require the court to appoint legal counsel both for the prosecution and the defense. All criminal lawyers would be listed on dockets in the courts, and they would be assigned to cases, not necessarily in rotation, but in relation to the qualifications of the lawyers for the particular cases to be tried. This would mean that a criminal lawyer would be assigned to the defense one time and to the prosecution another. It would put an end to criminal lawyers building up great reputations for freeing criminals who should be convicted. Also, it would mean that poor criminals would come into court on the same basis as rich criminals.

The greater opportunity of rich criminals to escape justice often develops a sympathy for poor criminals because of the obviously unfair advantage rich criminals enjoy under the present system.

3. Prohibit the private employment of expert witnesses and alienists and require the court, in the manner suggested for appointing lawyers, to appoint an equal number of expert witnesses or alienists of comparable ability both for the prosecution and the defense.

This method would be the fairest, quickest, and surest way of securing justice for all classes of criminals. It would result in placing our criminal procedure on a scientific basis, and eliminate most of the causes that encourage crime, because the present system favors rich criminals and criminals protected by rich crime syndicates.

Justice would be fully assured because the cases would be subject to appeal where necessary. There should be a distinct limitation to appeals which cause too much loss of time between the arrest, trial, conviction, and punishment of criminals.

This plan would aid in breaking up crime syndicates by separating criminals from criminal lawyers in our courts. The partnership of criminals and their highly paid criminal lawyers has taken advantage of our too lax and loose court procedure, with the result that, unless it is stopped, people will resort to the short cut of lynching criminals who are now protected by a system that gives them the advantage of every technicality in their crimes against defenseless citizens.—James W. Beckman.

Mr. Beckman gets \$25 for the above. Liberty will pay \$25 for every communication which the editors think sufficiently outstanding to be published as a Four-Star Letter. We don't guarantee to print one every week; but when we get them we'll publish and pay for them.

★ ★ ★ ★

GIRL OF TODAY—VOTER OF TOMORROW

FRANCISCO, IND.—I read letters written by older persons. I write as a girl of today—a voter of tomorrow. I have lived seventeen years—not so long, but long enough to have observed the futility of electing politicians instead of statesmen to fill our offices and to make our laws. You, as voters, elect men who, when they aren't making laws, are evading and breaking others—laws which they possibly helped to make.

I know that politicians are very devout persons, for many times (during a campaign) I have heard them swear by the deity that they would be the most noble, just, and by far the most efficient officeholders ever elected. And surely I know that politicians are not depraved or corrupt. Of course there are little trifles such as deficits, embezzlements, and bribes, but after all we elected them only to look after our country's affairs and we should excuse these innocent little sins.

When I was younger I thought that government officials were to aid in the advancement and welfare of our country. Now I can see that politicians are elected so that their time will be occupied, and that laws and other important matters are merely playthings.

Still, I could think of better toys for politicians.

Would it not pay the United States to train worthy young men and women in statesmanship, to train them so that we may have competent statesmen who realize the importance of their responsibility instead of willy-nilly politicians who hardly know why they are elected?—Patsy Farmer.

MAYBE THE ARTIST WAS IN A GENEROUS MOOD

CRAMERTON, N. C.—Some time ago I read a story in Liberty about the Canadian redcoat police.

The text of the story indicated one redcoat uniform, the illustration portrayed two. How come?—Edward E. Albright.

TOO MUCH BUTTONING

BOSTON, MASS.—Why not an article on laundries? Their infernal pins in men's shirts have been damned by great authors, but my complaint is buttons. Why button everything? They button my B. V. D.'s and they button my shirts. Nude in the morning cold, I have to unbutton the B. V. D.'s, get into them, and then button them again. And in the first place some one in the laundry had to button them. Why not leave them

VOX

unbuttoned and reduce three operations to one?

The same is true of the shirts. First the laundry buttons them, then I unbutton them to get into them, then I button them again. Could not this matter be included in the laundry code?—Efficiency.

ITALIAN EAGLE AND EARTH-BOUND SNAKE

CLERMONT, FLA.—The interesting article in Liberty of February 3—Can Balbo Unseat Mussolini?—brings to my mind a rather amusing incident that took place at the Century of Progress Exposition when Balbo was there.

At the time I was working at the Snake Show, ballyhooing the big snakes captured in India. Balbo and his men arrived during the day, and that night one of the Fair officials came and got us out of bed and asked us to open the show again, as they were bringing Balbo around to see the shows on the Midway. We, Heavy Bagenstose and I, got up, glad to be of service in entertaining the great airmen.

Well, the party came up headed for the doorway, when all of a sudden Balbo stopped, his eyes glued on a large picture of a python snake. His escorts urged him to go on in, but he wouldn't.

Balbo had the courage to fly the Atlantic—but he was afraid to look at a snake.—Hugh S. Davenport.

KNOCKING FOR NECTAR, EH?

RONCEVERTE, W. VA.—I'd like to suggest, Liberty, that you publish about once each month the names of those animadversive gentlemen (?) in Congress who seem to be knocking our President for the express purpose of getting their names in the paper.

If you will do this, they can quit riding the Chief Executive and still taste the nectar of publicity.—Forrest Reaser.

THAT WILL BUY A LOT OF LIBERTIES

SAUSALITO, CALIF.—I have just completed the first installment of Erle Stanley Gardner's story, The Case of the Howling Dog, and I want to say that, in addition to enjoying the story very much, I found enough information in it to save me a ten-dollar fee for legal advice.—May C. Ames.

KEPLER, NEWTON, AND GRAVITATION

DETROIT, MICH.—In your January 6 Twenty Questions you asked who discovered the law of gravitation. Your answer was that Sir Isaac Newton did. This is wrong. In my study of Modern World, by Betten, he says that Kepler discovered the law of gravitation. Who is right?—Joseph Kolbe.

[Kepler's laws of planetary motions enabled Newton to formulate his law of universal gravitation.—Vox Pop Editor.]

MR. BERCOVICI IN REBUTTAL

An answer to A Protest in Arabic

NEW YORK, N. Y.—What can one say to Fred V. Greene, who thinks he is God!

POP

"No one can be more familiar with the inefficiency of the State Department's foreign staff *than I am*," he says. The man is God. He even knows that I have never been in Arabia and knows there is no soft sand a camel's journey from Damascus. Tell him, then:

1. That not all the tents in Arabia are black.

2. That the segregation of the sexes is not practiced strictly among desert Bedouins.

3. That in some tribes the women do walk about bare from the waist up.

4. That women do dance for the men. Doughty, the greatest of all authorities about Arabia, is my authority for that.

5. That all his other remarks are petty, untrue in fact, and even malicious.

His objection to the illustration makes me think that he wants to be asked to do an Arab story. Let him try one. Send me the manuscript. By the beard of the Prophet, I promise to judge it kindly before giving it an honorable place in the wastebasket.—*Konrad Bercovici*.

ISN'T THIS THE CLOSED SEASON FOR NUDISTS?

OWATONNA, MINN.—We have had prohibition, war, famine, peace treaty, and the Akron disaster all discussed in your columns. Now let's have a little dose pro and con on this nudism.—*Clyde Showlater*.

[Why America Will Never Go Nudist, to remind you that you read it in Liberty first.—*Vox Pop* Editor.]

A STRAW VOTE ON WAR DEBTS?

OAKLAND, CALIF.—Your editorials are fearless and 100 per cent American, but may I suggest one topic of the utmost importance to which you give very little space? The war debts.

Fight for payment. Have a straw vote. Let our Senate know that the people of this country want action.

So far Senator Hiram Johnson of California has been the only man in the Senate with enough courage to keep the war debts before the nation.

Why can't you start a straw vote of all your readers by issuing a ballot in every magazine? Give the people a chance to express their opinion by a vote of Yes or No. I would be willing to wager my old Model T the vote for Yes would carry more than 90 per cent.

I, a Republican, admit that Roosevelt is and will be one of our greatest Presidents—but not until he puts a little more sense and patriotism into his State Department, which so far has been as incompetent as Hoover's.—*M. J. F.*

A CHEER FROM VALIANT NOVA SCOTIA

TRURO, N. S.—The "I told you so" saying died here after the crash of the stock market. A feeling of friendship and respect for the valiant manner in which the United States is coming out of the depression is now current. Presi-

dent Roosevelt is admired as a dynamic man doing wonders under tremendous difficulties.

Between the two countries there is a more friendly feeling which cannot be explained away by mere geographical relativity; the depression seems to have engendered an *esprit de corps*.—*R. F. Mosher*.

IF MONEY ONLY COULD TALK

MALDEN, W. VA.—The well known story of the college professor who poured the cream on his head and scratched the strawberries with his fork may create the impression that some of them have been dialing their own numbers lately.

But if they truly believe that less than a dozen men understand money, then let them try to borrow a few dollars from any old-time banker, horse trader, or family lawyer.

The old-timers will quickly demonstrate, without book or blackboard, that a dollar is worth a dollar and six cents.—*John Slack Cole*.

WELL, MAYBE THE MOON DID COME OVER THE MOUNTAIN

WELLSBURG, W. VA.—We are dismayed, confounded, or otherwise flabbergasted, and it's all your fault—or perhaps we should say the fault of Octavius Roy Cohen.

Cohen has concocted a good story in Transient Lady, but we call your attention to Part Six, in which he says upon the climax of the picnic: "They drove for three miles through the blackness," etc. Some four paragraphs later, when the lapse of time necessarily would have been slight, he has his characters "by the roadside, a full moon filtering through pine needles and marking a silver lacework on the dusty highway."

If Mr. Cohen is going to utilize Kate Smith's ability, why not give her credit?—*Just a Scribbler*.

AN EASY-PAYMENT PLAN FOR RETIREMENT

LAKELAND, FLA.—In order to prevent the recurrence of conditions with which we have been faced and are now striving to live down, my suggestion is this: Give the federal government the authority to levy a tax of one per cent of the gross income of every individual that puts forth effort for compensation or receives an income in any manner.

This tax to be placed in the national Treasury, to be used as a retirement fund. When each individual reaches a certain age (this to be determined) he must step aside and let some one else step into his place, and he of course begins to receive his monthly retirement fund.

This system would soon create a perpetual revolving of positions or work for the younger generations and automatically create the human spirit of doing for others and others for you.

It would eliminate forever that dog-eat-dog attitude that most of us have unthoughtfully grown into.—*William Roy Walker*.

PS. This, of course, would not affect the net income of any man or business—and therefore would not destroy any individual ambitions.

C O N T E N T S

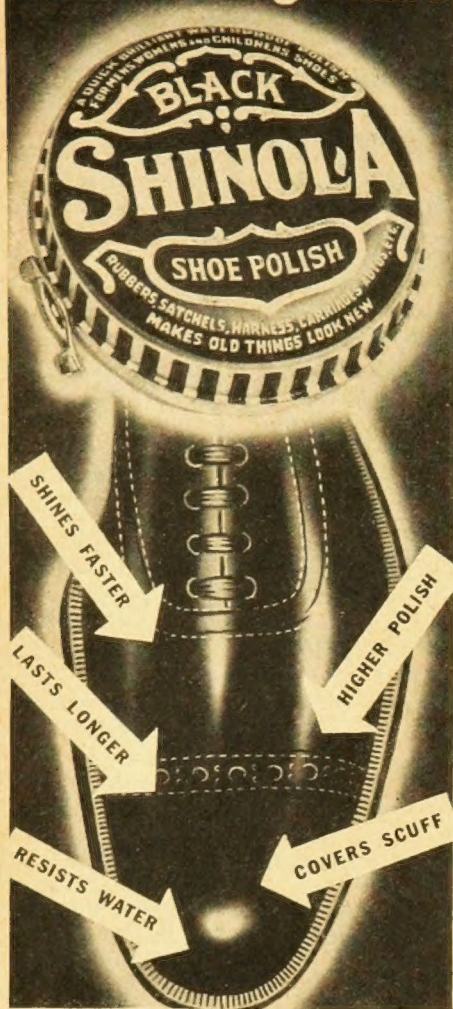
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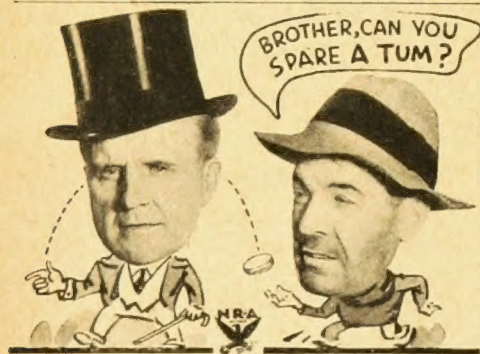
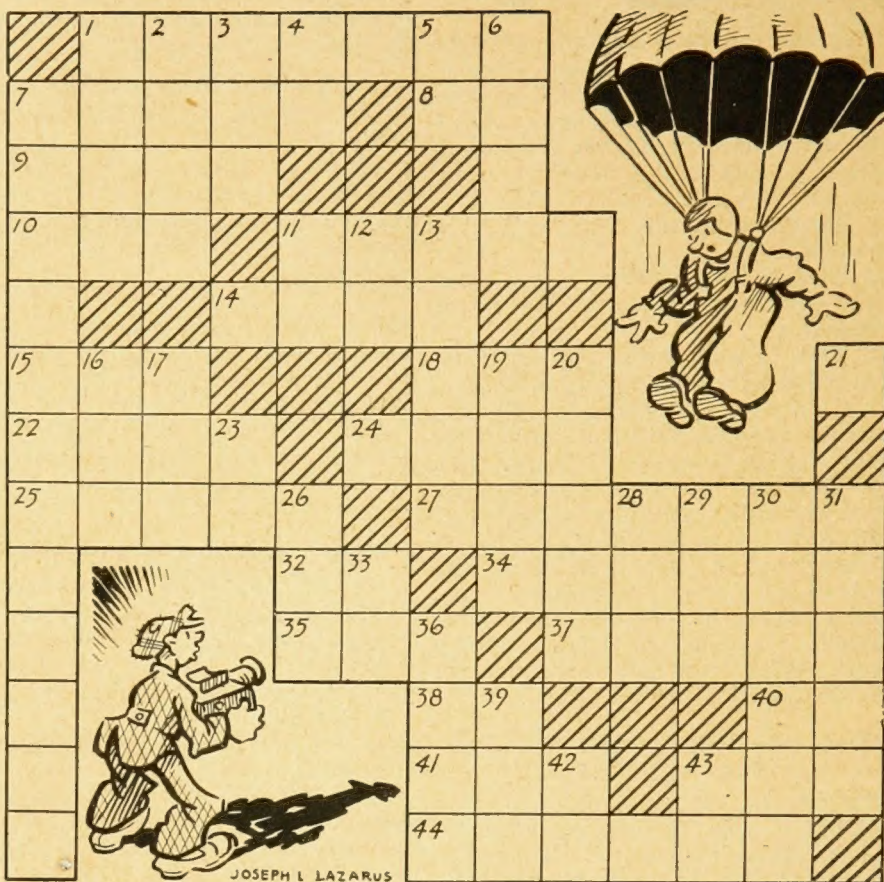
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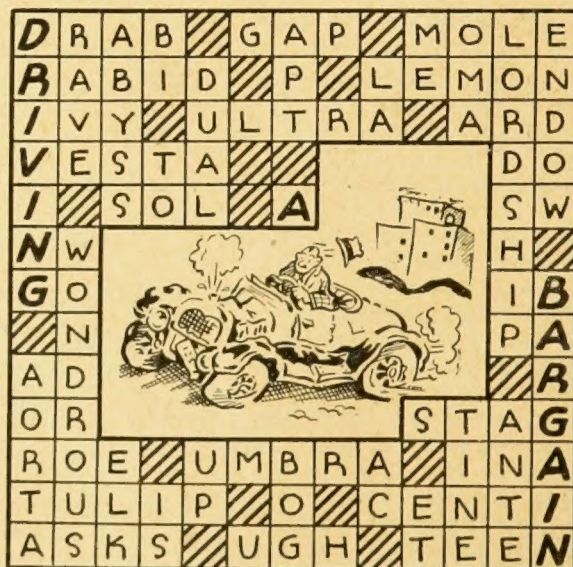
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After solving the cross word puzzle see if you can find the proverb suggested in the drawing among the words in the completed puzzle.

- HORIZONTAL**
- One who plays for pleasure
 - Toils monotonously
 - Note of the scale
 - Sustain
 - Lyric
 - The contrabass
 - An assumed mental or physical posture
 - A species of sorcery
 - Possessive adjective
 - Indefinite article
 - A payment (Eng. hist.)
 - A county in North Carolina
 - Lay again
 - Sedate
 - Them (colloq.)
 - A reptile inclosed in a bony shell
 - Attitude
 - Heavy clubs
 - The eye (Scot.)
 - And (French)
 - A wing
 - A climbing shrub
 - Very small

- VERTICAL**
- Alodial estate
 - Massive masonry work
 - Put together; to join or unite
 - Tensile strength (abbr.)



Answer to last week's puzzle

- Note in Guido's scale
- Disencumbers
- One who takes pictures
- Vagrant (colloq.)
- Like
- Variant of seize
- A hymenopterous insect
- Evil
- Demonstrative pronoun
- Any serous fluid
- Baby talk
- Affirmative
- The Blue Eagle
- And so on
- Part of a garment
- Petulant
- Note of the scale
- A quantity of paper
- High priest of Israel
- Indefinite article
- Personality (colloq.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Guys Need Dogs

A Short Short Story

By

C. H. McKEE

(Reading time: 5 minutes 15 seconds.)

Y^E Main Street Pet Shoppe's long suits were evidently birds, kittens, rabbits, and guinea pigs. But in one of its side windows a Scottie pup dozed lonesomely on a pile of strips of newspaper. Early in the evening a boy came that way and stood rooted, with his nose to the glass. He was a perfect little gentleman; you could tell by his Prince-of-Wales clothes.

He tapped on the window. The pup bounced to life and put nose and forepaws to its side of it.

A big wealthy-looking car turned the corner. Boy and pup caught the eye of the big man driving. "That could be him—in them sis clothes," he thought. "But he'd not be takin' interest in no dog."

He drove on through the side street to an apartment district, where he knocked, unannounced, at a third-floor-rear door. It was opened a crack—and a woman gasped, "Denny! Well! You've got a nerve to come here!"

Meanwhile the boy ventured into the Pet Shoppe. Its leather-faced proprietress blocked his way.

"Hey, missis," he said, "can I see the pup? Can I?" She distrustfully supposed so—then stared at him. "Say! You're that Dennis Riordan, Junior, ain't ya?"

He nodded, dodged around her, and ran pupward. The proprietress lifted the pup into his arms, and it licked his chin. "He's a bargain, son. It's the depression. He's got a grand pedigree. And look at that round stummick on him! Look at them eyes, them ears!"

He was looking. He gulped. "How much is he?"

"Fifty dollars. Why, *you* got fifty, ain't ya?"

He shifted the pup to his left arm and it licked his left ear as he pulled out a pocketbook. "I only got five right now," he said desperately. "But I'd pay—" He thought of his allowance. This would mean no more movies. Who cared? "I'd pay a dollar a month till—"

Stammering his offer, he did not see the two bigger guys outside who were watching with wolfish interest. When he showed his money one of them nudged the other.

"A dollar a month till doomsday! Nix! But how come you ain't got plenty money, and your old man the millionaire sewer contractor? I know your ma ain't lived with him in years, but he must have to pay her—"

Dennis Riordan, Junior, winced but kept his head up.

"He sent me the five my birthday. I can't get any from Mom to buy a dog with. She don't like dogs."

"I guess at that rate he goes back in the window! . . . Yes'm, we sell fish foods. What kind?"

His head hung as he went scuffling toward home through the dark side street. The two guys had been on the watch for him. They followed him.

In the apartment the big man was explaining. "You got me wrong, Katie. I ain't come to ask you to give me no divorce. I got over wantin' that. I says to meself, I'll go see her, have a talk with her—and maybe, on the lad's account, she'll listen to leavin' bygones be—"

"Not a chance, Mister Riordan! Not after you running around with nine or ten different blondes!"

"Sure," he said. "I know. I done some chasin'. I'll own to it. But not no more—nor never before the lad could talk plain and walk. You know that. It was him made the trouble. I wanted him a *boy*, and you wanted to bring him up like a nance—"



"A nance, is it? A nice neat polite little fella!—not a roughneck! But a roughneck he's turning out in spite of me, Mister Riordan. He takes after you, God help you!"

"He does? You don't say so! Where is he now? I'd like for to see him."

"I wish to heaven I knew where he is. I sent him to the drug store. It might be he's hanging round that pet shop—he's possessed to have a dog!"

"That *was* him I seen, then. What's wrong with dogs, darlin'? Boys need them."

"I can't stand the dirty things—and here in four rooms, with all my pretty cushions and rugs! As if he wasn't enough himself to worry me! Oh, Denny, what'll I do? I can't control him any more—"

"Now, now," he soothed. "We'll right that in due time. At present I'll go fetch him for ye, will I?"

Halfway home, the two guys had caught up with Dennis, Junior, just as he was taking fresh hope. He would save, he would keep his clothes clean and make a hit with Mom, and perhaps before any one who had fifty dollars espied that pup—his pup—

"Hello, sweetheart!" the guys said, and tripped him. He stumbled. "Hey, what's the big idea?" he demanded.

"You got five bucks. Come across, or—" They began to twist his arms.

There was nobody in sight. He knew he was on a spot. But if they thought they were going to get his five—

He kicked shins and freed his arms as he went down underneath them. His clutching fingers closed on a piece of iron pipe, a stake—loose relic of some effort to keep boys off imaginary grass between sidewalk and curb.

THE next moment the big car's headlights showed the big man a young savage at bay, covered with mud and his nose dribbling blood. He was inviting his assailants, in deplorably ungentelemanly language, to come on and get their domes cracked. They were hesitating.

With a roar the big man piled out of the car, and they fled. He stood Dennis, Junior, in the light and examined him. "Ah, now, don't be cryin' when it's over. You done elegant! And y' ain't hurt bad—are ye?"

"'Ti-tisn't that. It's my damn' cl-cl-clothes! I'll catch hell from Mom—'n' then I won't ever get the pup—'n'—'n' all the guys have dogs—"

"The pup in the window back yonder? A classy one—I noticed him. Leave us go back there! Jump in."

Later, when he knocked, Katie opened the door wide. She had changed into a becoming negligee. "Denny! You couldn't find him?" she said anxiously.

"He's right here on me heels. He's a mite mussed up, but don't scold him, darlin'. And as for this dog he's been frettin' his heart for—this dirty low dog—"

His fur overcoat's front opened and the Scottie pup poked its head out: brisk ears, bright eyes, canny whiskered nose, and lolloping long pink tongue.

"Ooh!" Katie cried. "The sweet baby! Give him here, Denny—it's smothering him you are!"

"And *that's* all right," said Dennis, Senior, to Dennis, Junior, in private. "The only thing now is, we got to watch out that she don't make no nance out of *him*."

THE END



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